

Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

August
September
1960

for Children

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Hello!



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for Children

August
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Awarded
The 1960 Brotherhood
certificate of recognition
by
The National Conference
of Christians and Jews

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The school bus is big and fat and yellow.
The driver waves, for he's a fine fellow.
Every morning I run down to the gate.
I take some books and stand there and wait.
But they never stop for me and my stuff.
Well, maybe tomorrow I'll be old enough.



Can you find each of these small pictures at another place in this book?

This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

What Is Emphasized

Page

	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓									✓	
5 Editorial			✓			✓					
6 Circle Cross Secret		✓	✓								
8 What Do You Say?		✓	✓								
10 What Did Frosty Do?		✓									
11 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓		✓							
12 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
13 Sammy Spivens			✓	✓							
14 Our Own Pages		✓	✓								✓
18 The Lost Turtle		✓									
19 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓	✓							✓	
20 Jane Addams			✓						✓		
22 Napoleon Mouse		✓									
24 Man on the Moon			✓					✓			
26 Steve's Problem			✓								
28 Two Loaves			✓			✓					
30 Betsy's Party			✓								✓
32 Thinking Fun	✓	✓								✓	
33 Things Wondered About			✓					✓		✓	
35 The Bear Family	✓	✓				✓					
37 Crossword Puzzle			✓							✓	
39 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
40 Try This!			✓					✓		✓	
41 Miscellaneous	✓	✓			✓					✓	
43 Bedrich Smetana			✓				✓				
44 Matching Insects	✓	✓								✓	
45 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
46 Bible Story			✓			✓					
47 To Do			✓								✓
48 Let's Make These			✓							✓	
50 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	

★ This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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Let's Talk Things Over



Dora Smith: "I think it's nice that in our school are children with so many different names."

Rebecca Weinstein: "I do, too. And every child here is different from every other child."

School is a wonderful place to be. There you may meet with, play with, and work with so many kinds of children. A few may have learned a different language at home, and are barely able to speak English at all for several months. The eyes and hair and skin of some children in your schoolroom may not be the same color as yours. Some of them may be taller or shorter, heavier or lighter, than you. Some may move about and run faster or more slowly than you. Some may play games on the playground better than you, or not so well. Some may learn from books faster than you do, or not so fast.

The children in your room at school live in different kinds of houses and come from different kinds of homes. Some may have one or more brothers and sisters, a few may have none. One or both parents of some children may have been born in another country, others may have lived in other parts of our country, while still others may have grown up near where you live.

The last names of the children of your classroom are different. Some of these names may be hard for you to pronounce. They may sound strange to you. Yet how interesting these names are. Indeed, they may be more interesting and have nicer sounds than your own name. And once you have learned to say them correctly, you may remember them all your life.

The children in your classroom may attend worship at different churches or synagogues. They may have different ways of religion at home, perhaps no particular kind of religion at all.

Oh, what fun it is to go to school, and work and play with children who are all so different and so much more interesting than if they were all alike. You can learn so much more from all of them. Best of all, you can learn what America means, and get ready to help to make our nation

a still more wonderful America. As you know, the earlier people who came to our country and built it up were from many other countries of the world. Most of us are descended from these different peoples.

Your teacher helps you to enjoy going to school with so many different classmates. She thinks of every one of you as important. She wants each one of you to think well of yourself, no matter what the color of your eyes or hair or skin may be, no matter what your clothes cost, no matter how little or how much money your parents have, no matter where they were born or what their religion is. She wants you to be proud of your parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents, and of your home and family and religion.

As you keep on going to school, you discover that the things which can be bought with money are not what make you rich inside. You learn that nobody needs to be rich outside in order to be rich inside. And when you are rich inside you are always thoughtful of every other person, no matter how different he is from you. Then as you practice more in unselfish ways and strive harder to do your best, you grow richer still inside.

Garry C. Myers

★ How children may learn real brotherhood at school.



By Lee Priestley

6

Chuck and Carl came home from school, bursting with news. Mother had gone to see Grandma Barton. Dad was out on the range of Circle Cross Ranch. They didn't really want to see Salty, the ranch cook, for he would remind them they had promised to help hoe in his garden. But they had to tell someone.

"Look!" Chuck squatted on his heels and drew with a stick. "What's this, Salty?"

Salty looked. "A circle with a cross right below. The Circle Cross brand. Your pa named the ranch and took the brand from that old Indian sign carved on the rock by the gate."

"Maybe it's more than that," Chuck and Carl told him. "It could mean a buried treasure, right here on our ranch!"

"You don't say." Salty leaned on his hoe and pushed his hat back. "You figger on diggin' up the treasure?"

"Sure," said Chuck and Carl.

"Before you finish your hoeing?"

"Aw, Salty!"

"Go ahead then. There's shovels in the tool shed."

Chuck and Carl hurried to the

big rock. High on its side was the old sign, the circle and cross—the sign they believed meant buried treasure. They began to dig.

Soon their shovels struck a layer of rock. That stopped the digging. When Mother and Dad came home they said treasure wasn't found easily or quickly. Salty grinned and agreed.

Do You Help Your Teacher

When you listen carefully to what she tells your class?

When you often come late to school?

When you often come in from the playground crying?

When you write neatly and plainly?

When you sit still and keep quiet as another person is reciting?

When you can never find your pencil and paper when your class is to write something?

Next morning Salty called Chuck and Carl. "Come see what I found!"

On a rock beside a small patch of fertile soil near Salty's garden was another circle cross. It had been hidden behind a mesquite bush.

"You think it means another treasure?" Chuck asked.

Salty didn't know. "But it will be easier to dig here. I'll help you grub up the brush."

When the brush was dug up, they searched carefully in the holes. "People often buried valuables under a bush," Salty said, "so no one would dig them up by accident."

In one hole they found a rusty scrap of metal. In another hole a brass button turned up.

"It shows that people were here," Chuck said, "so treasures could have been buried."

"Sure, sure," Salty agreed. "This is real old country. Lots of people have come and gone. Now, you'd better dig spade-deep between the holes."

That digging was hard work. By suppertime they were hungry and dirty and tired. But the next day they dug again, and the next

day, and the next. By the end of the week, the little fertile spot looked as if it had been plowed.

"Somebody must have found that treasure," Chuck was discouraged.

"All that work wasted," said Carl.

Salty came over from his garden patch with an idea. "Now this patch is all turned over, why don't we plant a crop of beans?"

"We might as well get some good out of all that work," Chuck and Carl decided.

Salty helped them plant the seed. For weeks the boys hoed and watered the plants when they weren't searching for more treasure signs. The well-worked soil grew a bumper crop. Then they picked sacks full of beans, and Salty took them into town to sell.

Next afternoon, when they had picked the last of the beans for supper, Salty scuffed at the ground beside the rock. "Maybe you ought to dig a little deeper."

He bent over, looking surprised. Just above the surface of the ground two small circles and crosses came into sight. "Digging the bean field brought them out," Salty said. "Get the shovels!"

Almost at once their shovels

struck something. Chuck and Carl dropped to their knees and scooped the dirt away with their hands. Old leather bags! When lifted, the bags clinked! When opened, each bag held a handful of silver dollars!

Chuck and Carl jumped up and down with excitement. "A treasure!" they yelled. "A buried treasure!"

Then Chuck noticed how shiny those dollars were. Carl saw that the bags were printed with the words "First National Bank." They knew who had buried that treasure!

"Salty, you played a trick on us," the boys shouted, "a trick that lasted all summer!"

Salty laughed. "I felt sorry for you, diggin' where the ground was so hard. So I made some signs where the diggin' would be easier."

The silver coins clinked when Chuck held out his bag to Salty. "We can't take your money. I guess we knew all along we were just playing a game."

Salty put his hands in his pockets. "That's your money. You dug the little field so deep and tended the crop so well, you had plenty of beans to sell!"

Chuck and Carl stared at their friend. Then they looked at each other and began to laugh.

"So we get paid for our blisters," Chuck said.

"And for the bends in our backs," Carl added.

"You've earned a nice little sum to help cure your aches and pains from shovel handles and bean baskets," Salty grinned. "And I reckon you found out there's a buried treasure 'most any place—if you dig deep enough."

Illustrated by Lee Hodges

7



How English Children Learn Good Manners

By Brenda Hodgson

I expect it has happened to you, too. The time when you forgot to say "thank you" and your mother whispered quickly, "What do you say, Junior? Where are your manners?" You felt all hot inside and thought, "Why bother with manners? Why can't my mom leave me alone!" Well, you are not the only one.

Most boys and girls in Britain have felt exactly the same way at some time or another. Nevertheless, their mothers and fathers, just like yours, go on teaching them good manners because they know that saying "thank you" and "please" is a way of beginning to learn to live happily with other people.

Good manners is learning, among other things, to share with others and remembering that they like the good things in life as much as we do.

In Britain we have a famous fairy story called "Water Babies" by Charles Kingsley. It is about a little chimney sweep called Tom. He is beaten by his master and knows only the rough ways of life. So he is rough and rude himself. He throws stones at the horses' feet and tries to trick his master whenever he can.

Then a fairy turns him into a Water Baby and he goes to live under the water to learn good manners and kindness. One of the people who teaches him these things

is a Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. Isn't it a funny name? But it is a good name, too, because it explains exactly what she teaches him—to do to others as you would have them do to you.

In other words, if you like people to be kind and friendly toward you, then you should be kind and friendly toward them. That is only fair.

In Britain nearly everyone has heard of "Water Babies" and Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by. Mothers and fathers tell their children about what she taught the Water Baby and then try to get the children to do what she asked him to do. This is part of learning good manners.

Good manners is not just saying "excuse me" and "thank you" because they are the right things to say. It is saying them because by doing so we make somebody else happy—and that is very important.

Of course learning good man-

ners is not always easy. If you have been given some special candy for your birthday, it is not easy to offer it to all your friends so that in the end you only have a few left for yourself. But we also know that if everyone had kept everything for himself since the world began there would never have been any birthday parties in the first place, and certainly no candy to eat! No one would have given any presents, ever. How miserable we would all have been, then!

Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by also knows that when you make other people happy, you make yourself happy, too. That is another thing mothers and fathers in Britain try to explain to their children.

We have lots of buses in Britain to take people to and from the stores. And we have a lot of old people, too, like your grandmother, perhaps, who have to walk slowly because they are getting old.

When one of these old people gets onto a bus, you usually see a boy or girl jump up and say, "Please take my seat." And if you were to ask him why he does it, he will probably answer, "Because her legs are tired and she needs it more than I do." And that will be quite right.

So that boy will have made an old lady grateful and himself happy because he did the kind, fair thing. And all the people in the bus will feel warm and friendly toward him—and each other, too, I expect.

This is the way children in Britain learn how their good manners can make lots of people happy.

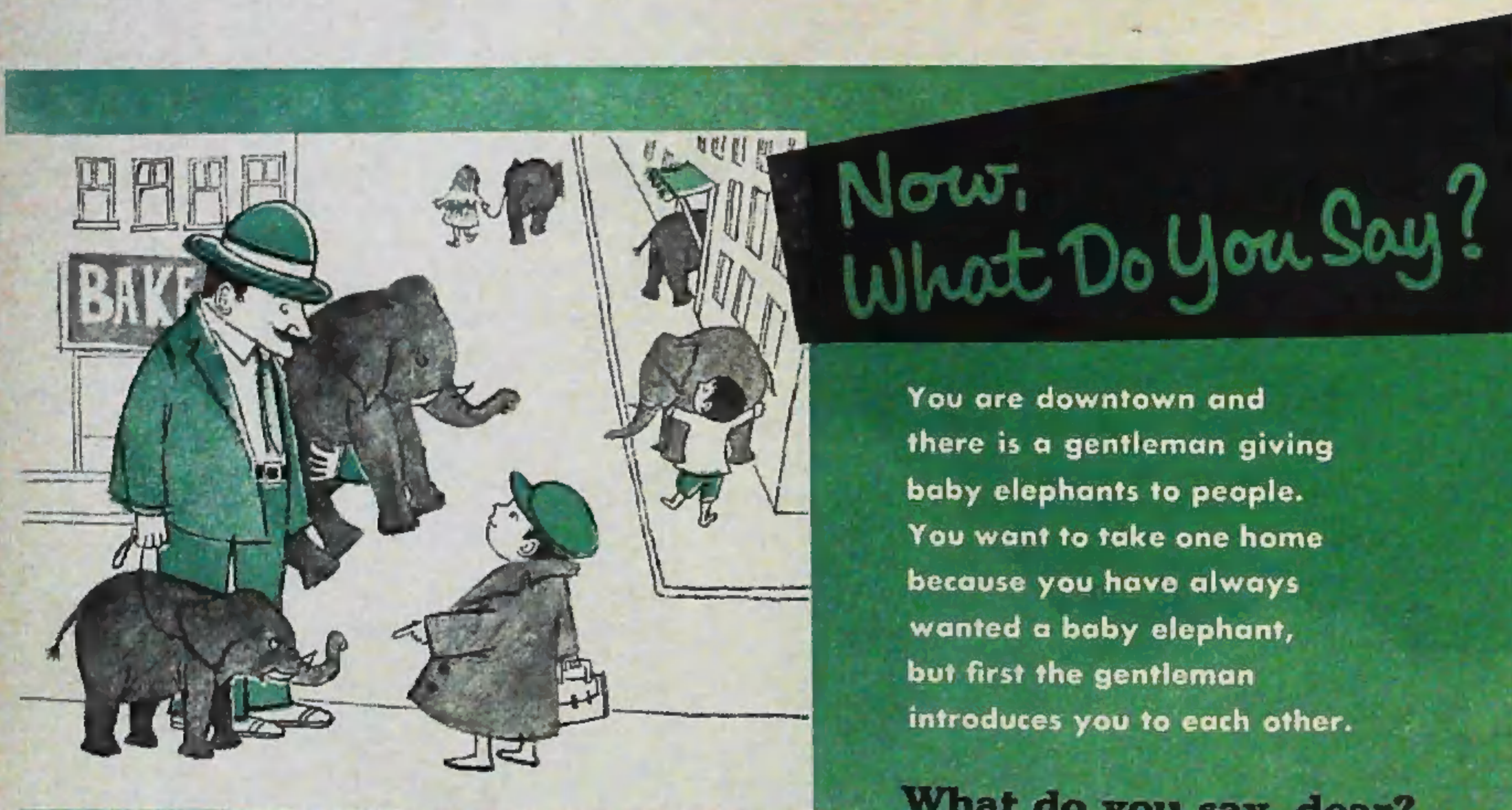
In Britain we have a Mother's Day and a Father's Day, just as you have. They are very special days, as you know. The children wake up full of excitement, dress quickly, and hurry downstairs to put their greeting cards on the table. Then they go out in their

gardens to pick bunches of flowers. And inside themselves all the time there is a lovely, expectant feeling. "I wonder what Mother will say. I have picked her her favorite flowers. I want to see how pleased she will be."

And all this happiness, they feel, comes because they are being unselfish and thinking of other people instead of themselves.

I will let you into a secret here. You know, we never had a Father's Day in Britain until we heard about it from you. So we must thank you for giving us a special day for Father.

We think good manners are like ripples in a pool of water when a stone is thrown in. If you try to make all the people you know happy by showing them a little consideration then they will try to make you, and the other people they know, happy, too. And so the ripples will grow wider and wider until they touch every part of the pool.

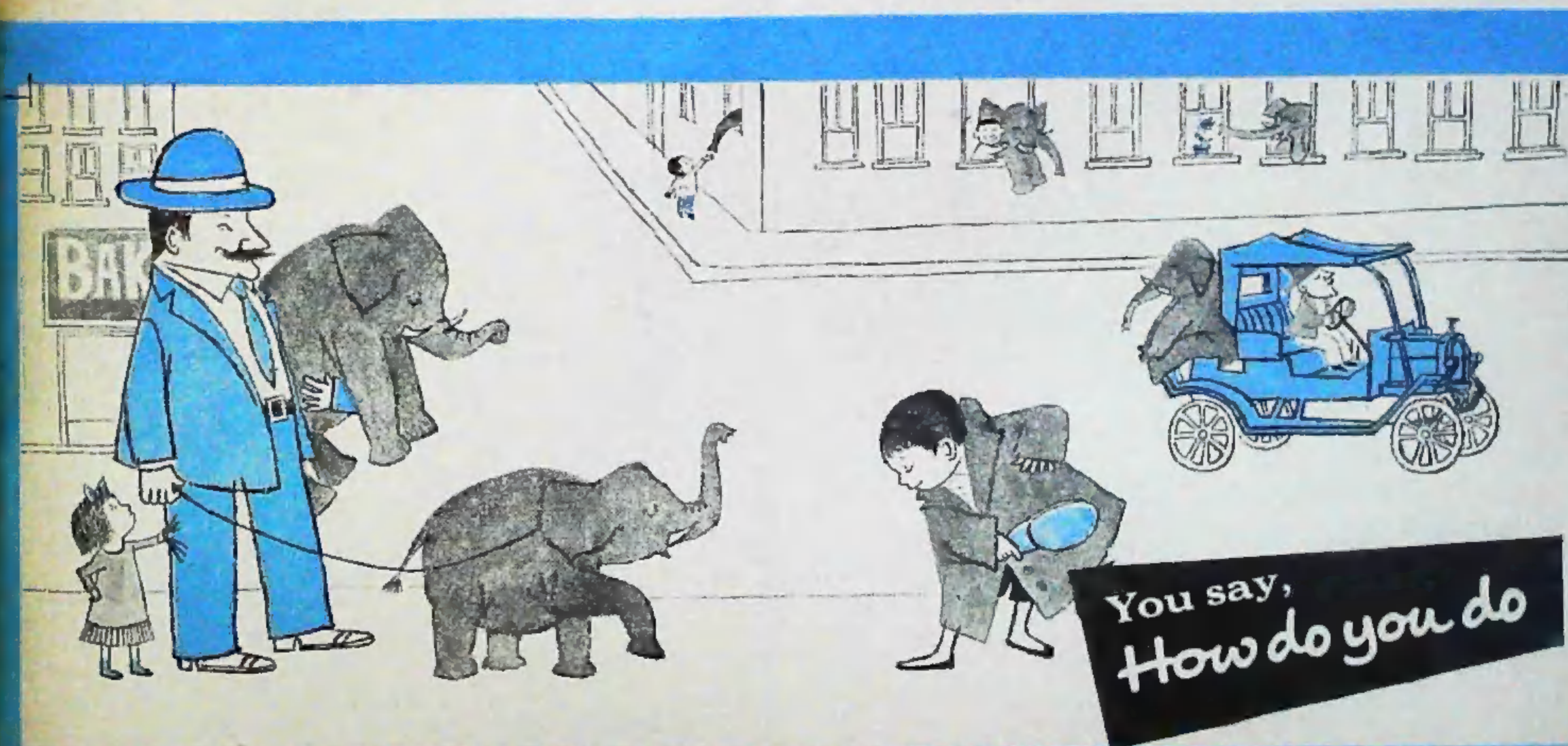


Now,
What Do You Say?

You are downtown and there is a gentleman giving baby elephants to people. You want to take one home because you have always wanted a baby elephant, but first the gentleman introduces you to each other.

What do you say, dear?

By Sesyle Joslin Pictures by Maurice Sendak



You say,
How do you do

From WHAT DO YOU SAY, DEAR, published by William R. Scott, Inc., New York.
Copyright 1958 by Sesyle Joslin

What Did Frosty Do for Tom?

By Edith Vestal

Tom didn't like to play with the girls in his block because they always wanted to climb trees. He told them that he didn't like to climb trees. It made his hands dirty. It made his clothes dirty. But the real reason was that Tom had never climbed a tree. And he was afraid.

So he played by himself and with Susan's little kitten Frosty. He liked to talk with Frosty. He liked to play with her.



Just then Susan saw Tom. "Come and climb this tree for us," she called. But Tom just called back, "I don't want to get my hands dirty." He didn't say, "I'm afraid." He looked up at the tree. He heard a little voice. "Meow, meow."



"Why, it's Frosty," he said. "She is saying, 'Please help me. Please help me.'" "I'll help you, Frosty," he called. Up the tree Tom started. He scooted up that tree almost as fast as he could run downhill. He took Frosty in one hand and climbed down. His eyes were sparkling. His hands were dirty. He was laughing and shouting, "I wasn't afraid. I wasn't afraid. That was fun. I'm going to do it again!"



One day Frosty was lost. No one could find her. "I'm going to hunt for her," Tom said. "I'll find her." And he did hunt. Up one street, down another street—but no Frosty.

★ Have you ever read a story with so great suspense?

Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marion Hull Hammel



Goofus turns on television when there are guests.



Whenever guests arrive, Gallant turns off television at once.



"What are these pills for?" asks Goofus.



Gallant never opens his mother's purse.



Goofus runs across the neighbor's lawn.

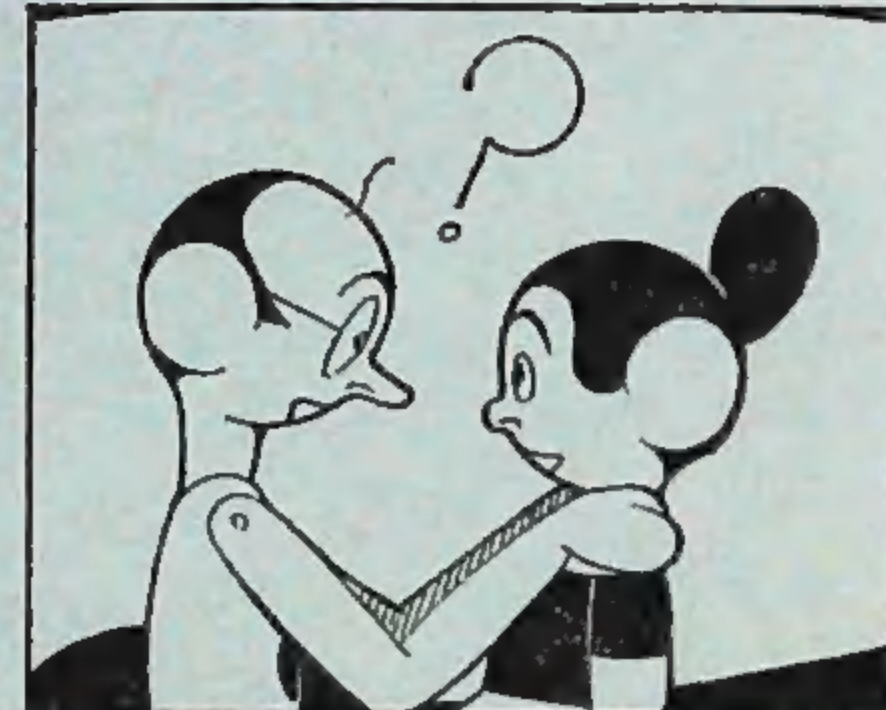
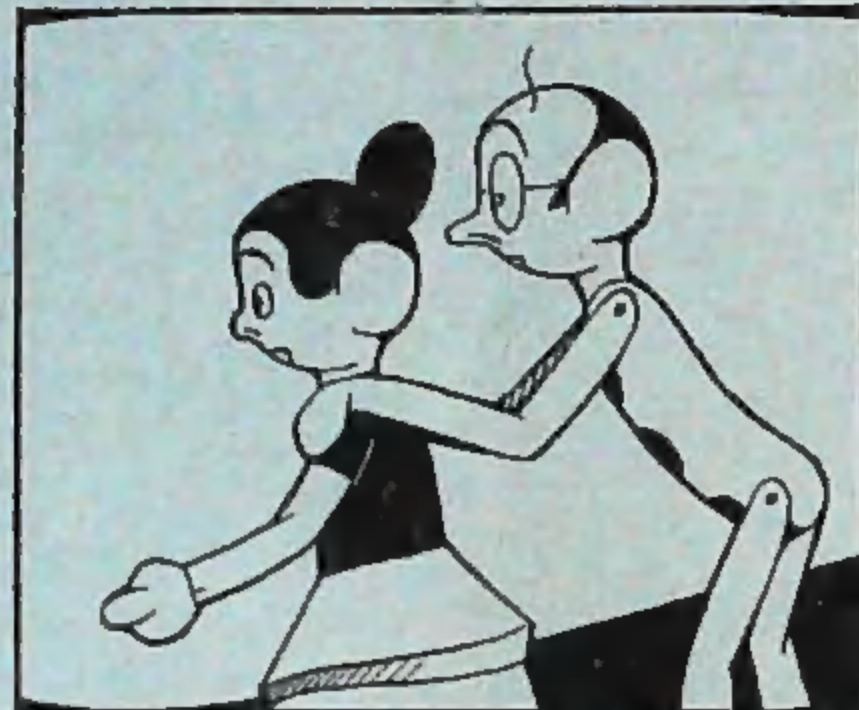
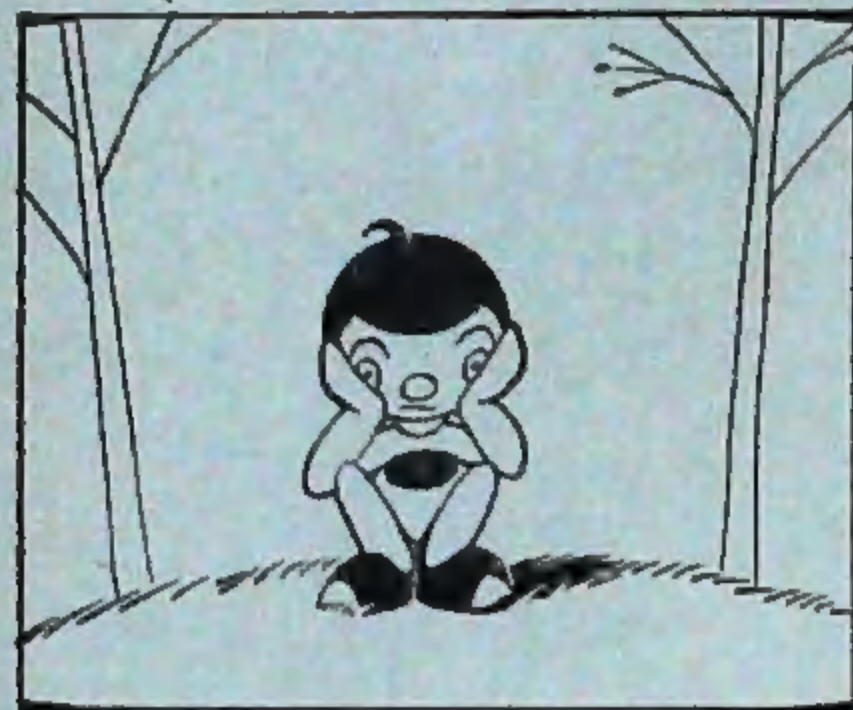


Gallant walks on the sidewalk.

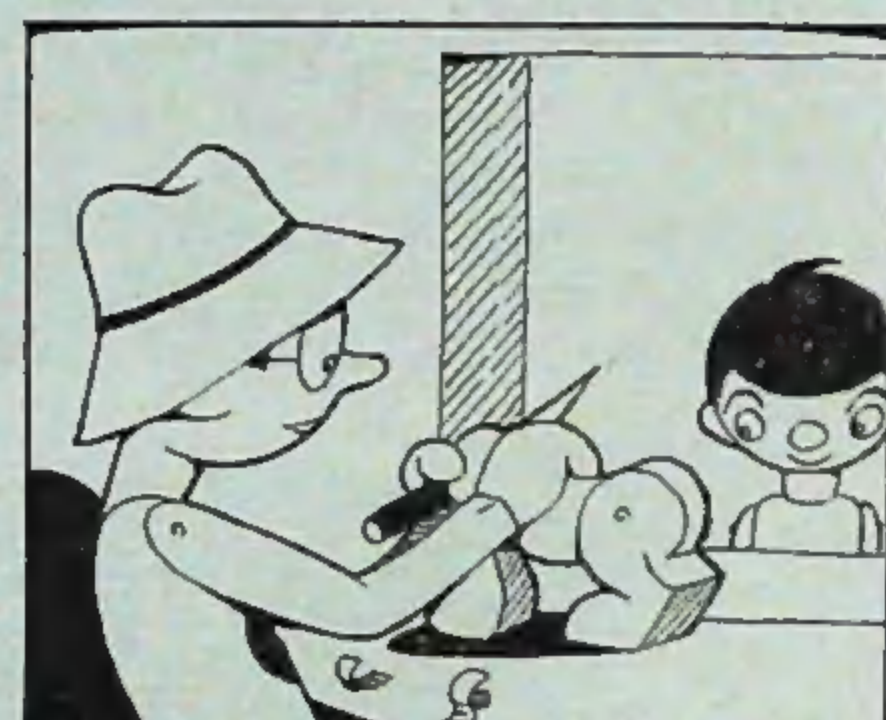
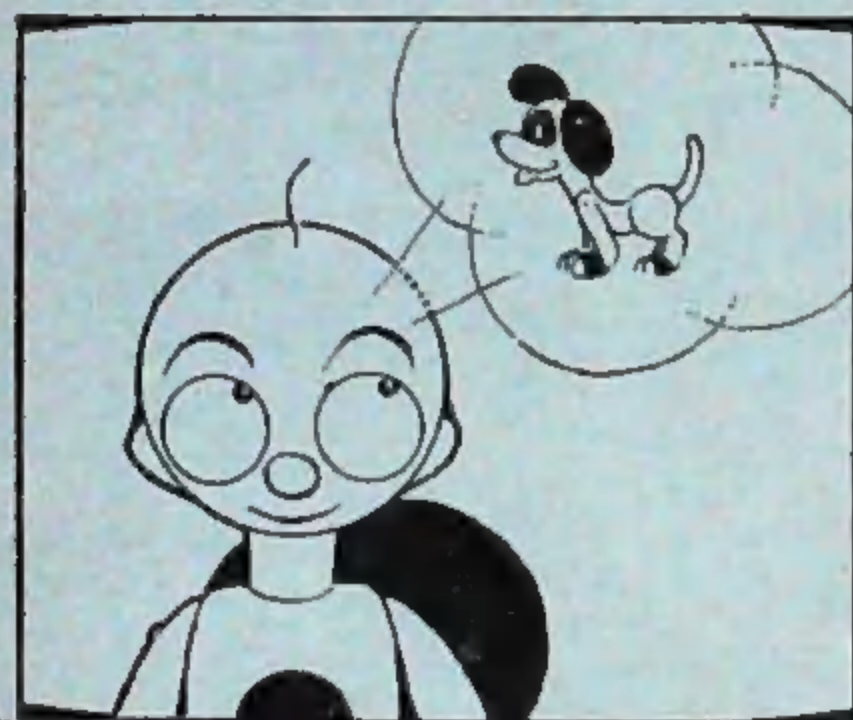
★ For learning to be thoughtful of others.

THE TIMBERTOES

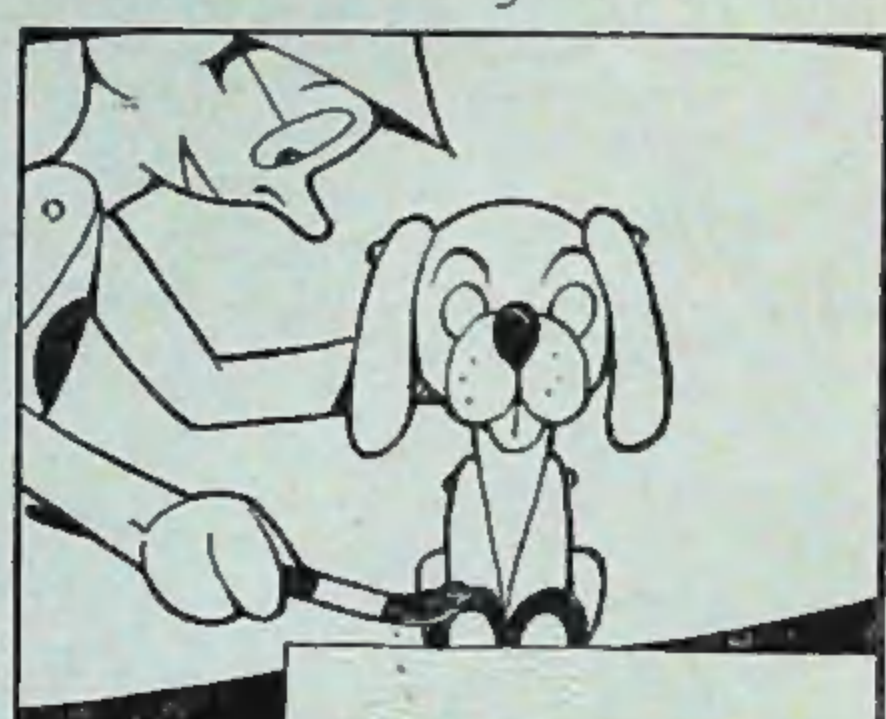
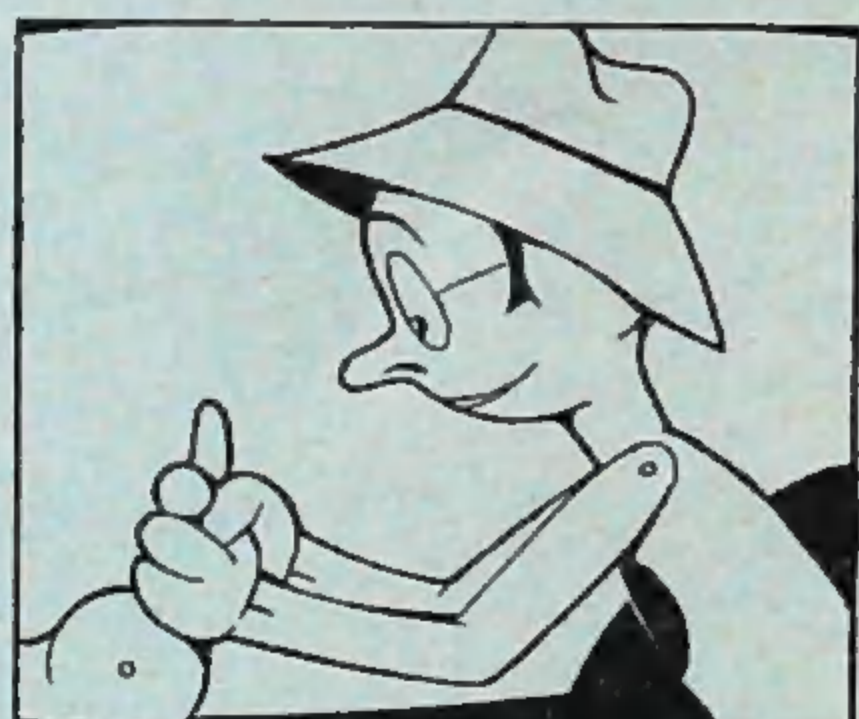
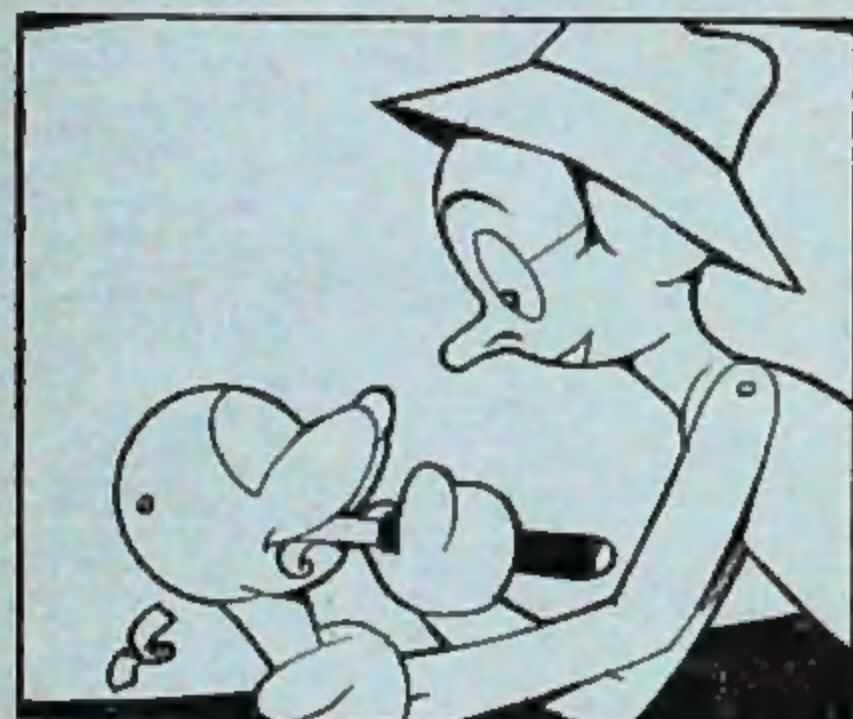
by John Gee



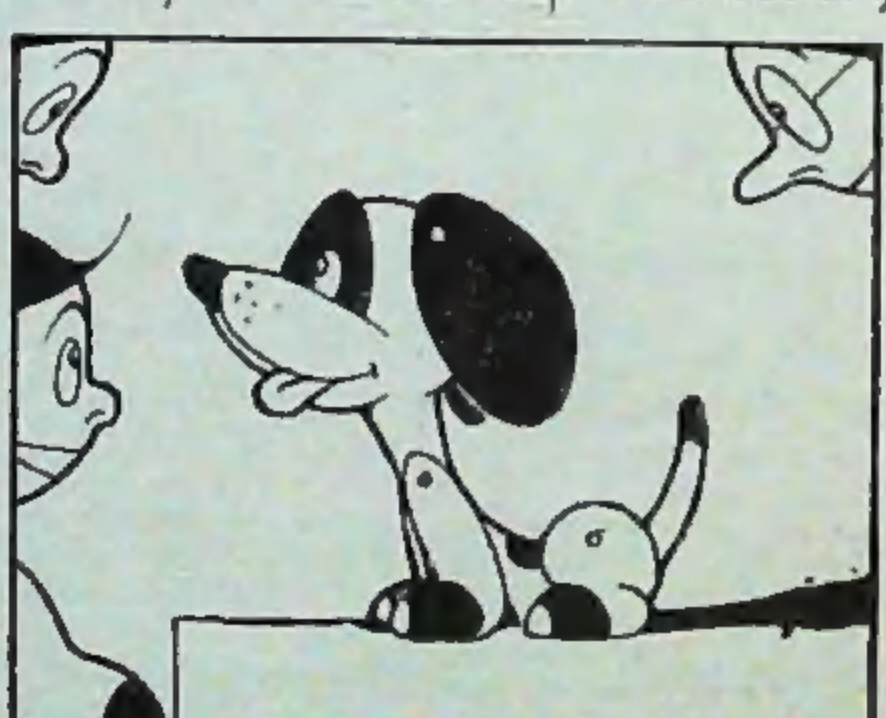
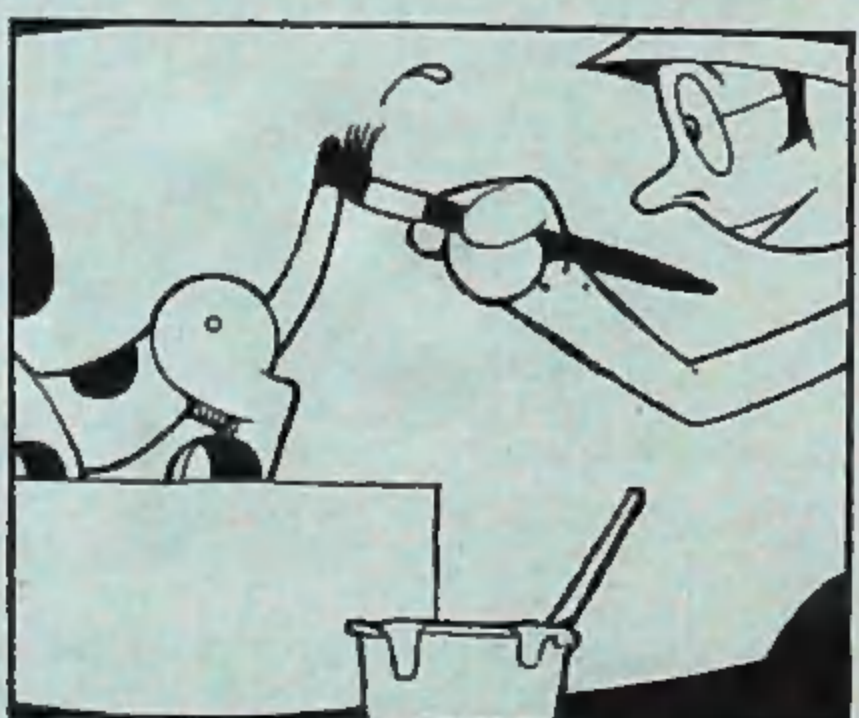
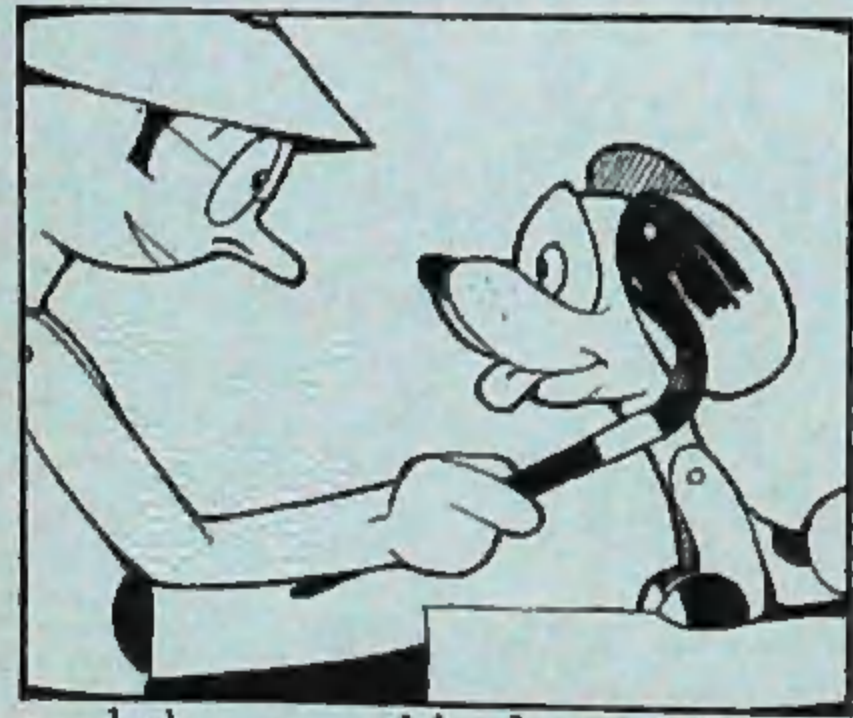
Tommy Timbertoes was lonesome. Pa and Ma noticed it. They wondered how they could help.



"I can make Tommy a puppy for a pet." So Pa went to work. He carved a little dog out of wood.



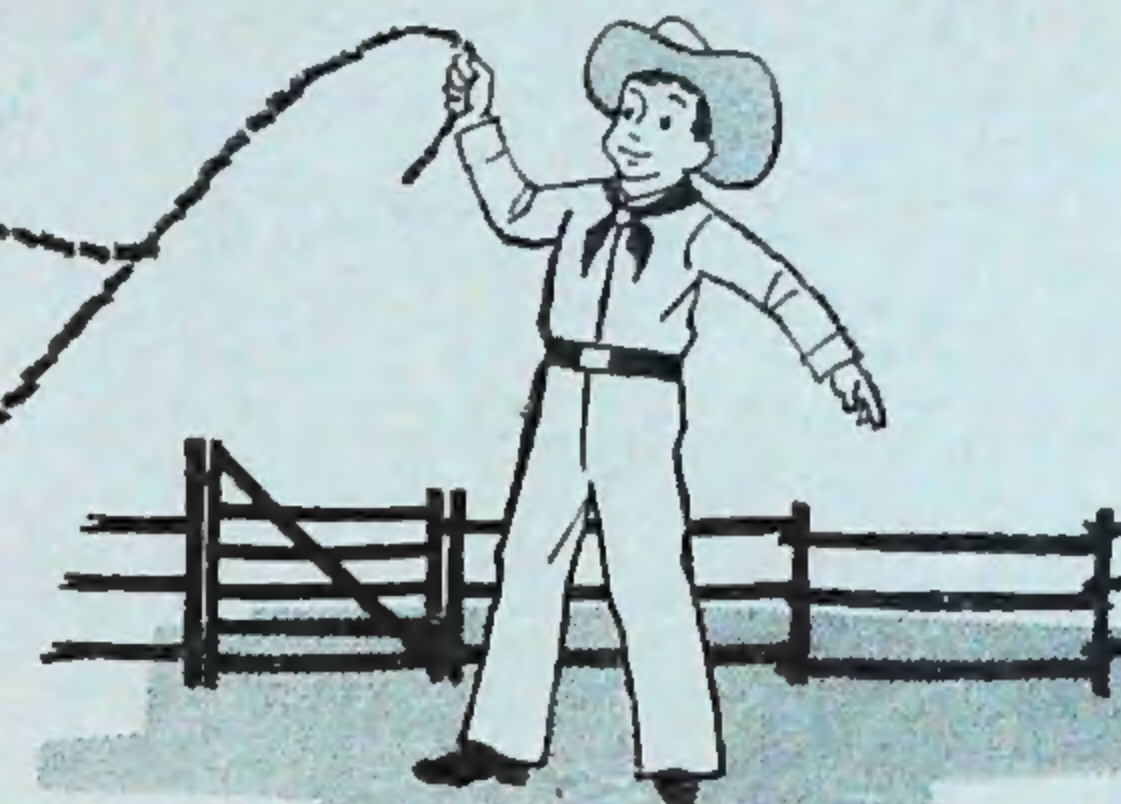
He made a head and two ears. He made a tail on the other end. He painted the paws black,



and the ears black, and black spots here and there. "I shall call him SPOT," said Tommy.

Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips



Hello there:

"Please," said Sammy politely, "will you write a letter to my HIGHLIGHTS friends? I'll tell you what to say."

"Delighted," I said. Here it is:

Dear Children:

What a nifty time I had on the ranch this summer!

Each day I opened the pasture gates for the cowhands, and I never once forgot to close the big corral gates—and that's some job for a person my size. Forgetting used to be one of my worst weeds.

Uncle Bill said I really learned to think for myself. I got ideas in my head where just holes were before.

So now I won't be a Brain-borrower. That's another weed pulled out. And when the tests come in school, I won't be a Shoulder-peeker—copying stuff.

And because I got to be a better guy, I was allowed to stay up until ten-thirty one night, and to go to the concert at the trading post. The cowboys wore their good clothes, and the women wore jewelry.

The concert was mostly a soprano. That's a lady singing high. And boy, did she sing high! It almost split my ears open, and it made me sort of nervous.

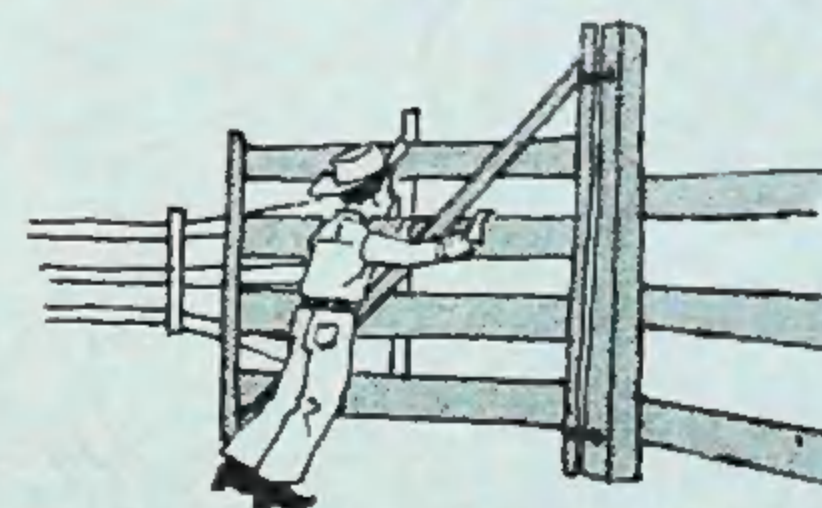
Now, about my animals—

Chalky, the pony, went to the orphan children's seashore home. Those little kids had fun getting free rides, and Chalky had a neat time racing up the sand. When she came back, she was sunburned.

Butterscotch, my dog, stayed home and played with Buttons, next door's shaggy dog. His hair gets all mixed up with his eyes.

Columbus, the mouse, sent his children to a Micery Camp in the mountains. And guess what—Miranda Mouse won a prize for the cleanest face, and Leonard Mouse was first in the scamper race, and Roger Mouse won the tail-twirling award, and fifty of their children won ribbons in the cheese-nibbling contests. Pretty terrific, I'd say!

Yours truly
Sammy S. Spivens



Speaking of letters, why don't you write to Sammy about your habits? It's a big help to him to know that other children have weeds, too, and are able to pull them out. Here are letters that some of you have written.

Dear Sammy:

I like your stories very much. I have two sisters. They like your stories, too. My weed is I always tease my sisters. I hope my weed will not grow back.

Cheryl Ziegler
West Reading, Pa.

Dear Sammy:

I would like to tell you that I have a weed. I talk back to my parents. But I have pulled it out and thrown it away.

Bill London
Oklahoma City, Okla.

Dear Sammy:

Sammy, my weed is I don't listen to my mother. I have another weed that is I am always talking.

Louis F. Hines
Honesdale, Pa.

Dear Sammy:

My bad weed is fussing with my sister. I have started a Surprise Club.

Marcia Paulsen
Littleton, Colo.

Dear Sammy:

I am remembering to say "I beg your pardon?" instead of "Huh?" when I don't exactly understand what someone says to me.

Lucena Woodgates
Winnetka, Ill.

Dear Sammy:

My bad weed is getting excited over nothing. I am going to try to cure it. Do Columbus and his wife really have 600 children?

Sara Jane Selree
Canton, Ill.

★ Sammy tells of the weeds (bad habits) he has pulled out of himself.

Which Are Hard To Do? Which Are Easy To Do?

To keep from crying when you have fallen and skinned your knees?

To keep on playing in a game when you are the poorest player?

To keep from bragging when you have been winning in a game?

To keep from crying when you are being teased?

To feel happy and act happy when another child is praised?

To keep from throwing a stone at someone who just threw a stone at you?

Selfish or Unselfish Words?

"Don't touch that. It's mine."

"I'll not open this box of candy till Sue comes home."

"I'm saving my money to buy Christmas presents for Mother and Daddy."

"You can wait till I go down the slide first."

"There comes Joe. I'll hide the candy."

"What game would you like to play first?"

"I'll take your turn at doing the dishes. You have a lot of home-work to do tonight."

How Do You Know

That a dog can smell more than you can smell?

That a chicken can't taste its food as well as you can?

That oil is lighter than water?

That a sheep doesn't feel cold on a dry, cold night?

That a dog won't follow a cat up a tree?

That milk is heavier than cream?

That rice takes more space after it is cooked than before it is cooked?

That you are heavier right after a meal than right before it?

N is for Nightingale

By
Elsa
Garratt

If you have trouble
spelling the pictured words,
see page 40.



Across	1.	2.	3.	4.
6.	7. 19	8.	9.	10.
11.	12. 9	13.	14.	15.
16.	17.	18.	19.	20.

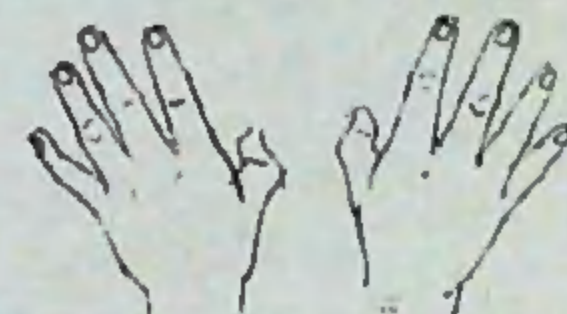
Down	10.
1.	11. LUNCH
2.	13.
3.	15.
4.	16.
5.	17.
6. 9th	18.
8.	20. 19th

Fun With Fingers

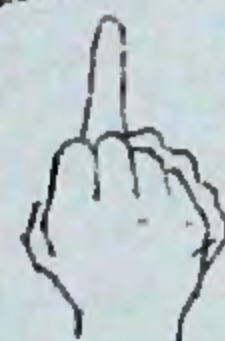
By Ellen Briggs



Here's the little schoolhouse
Where I'll go today.



Here are many children
Marching on their way.



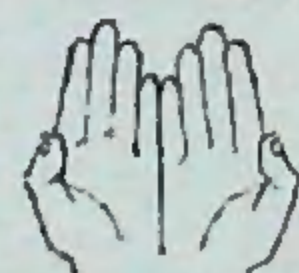
Here's my little desk
Where I'll sit up tall.



Here are flowers hanging
In a vase up on the wall.



Here's a sheet of paper,
Neat and clean and white.
Here's my pretty pencil
Which I'll use to write.

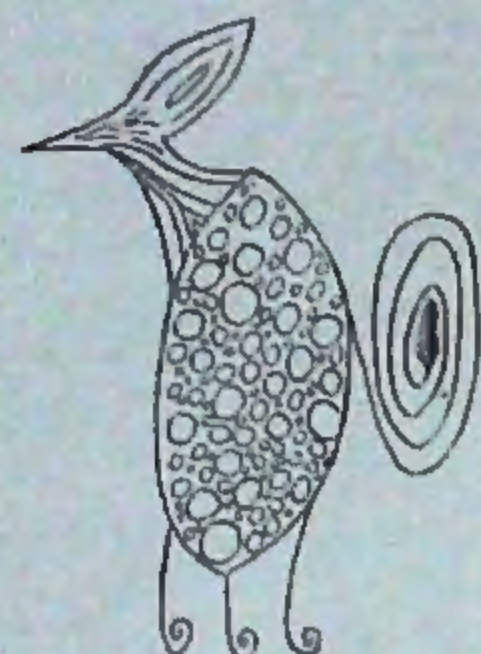


Here's the book I'll open
When I learn to read.



Here's the teacher, saying,
"Very good, indeed!"

Animals No One Has Ever Seen



This bubucurl fell from Mars and stayed on earth only 600 years because it would eat nothing but hen-agamaleion noses and they are seldom found on earth. If you do not believe this, ask the next bubucurl you meet.

Tina Johnson, Age 10, Ill.



The sherd has a long bill. Once when he was flying he bumped into a tree and fell to the ground. He saw a doll and picked it up. The owner took hold of his nose and pulled so hard the sherd forever has a long nose.

Katherine Grady, Age 9, Mass.



Mrs. Manyfeet goes to the store with her children.

Jane O'Neill, Age 9, Calif.



Pluto President lives on Pluto. He has so many points because he walks in space and does not have to step on anything.

Sondra Siegall, Age 9, Fla.



The yesterday monster is fierce. He has radar on his horns. He lives on Mars.

Davey Azar, Age 7, Pa.



Jumping Mantacorn is half insect, half mammal, with horn, praying-mantislike claws, and strong feet. He eats frogs, toads, salamanders, snakes, flies, worms, and hay.

Michael Hellpern, Age 8, N. Y.



The Scottish Snake Squirreltail is funny. Nobody ever saw him. I did not see him myself. Ha, ha!

Dean Alan Wright, Age 7, Ohio



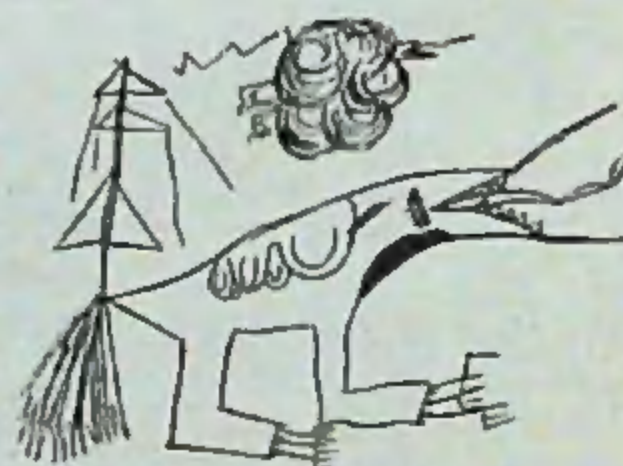
The Peep-o-bird comes from Mars. He feeds only on earth cows because Mars cows have seventeen stomachs that are hard to eat. If you are a farmer, watch out for the Peep-o-bird.

Stephen W. O'Donnell, Age 9, N. Y.



Ornatik comes from Planet X. Springs come from his stomach and head. He eats minerals. His body temperature stays below freezing.

John Kaufmann, Age 8, Conn.



Pickle-eyed Peckwooder climbs up trees with his beak. He eats wood and leaves and bugs. He sends signals with his powerful tail. His claws are very sharp.

Craig Weiss, Age 6, Mich.

Our Own Stories



Mr. Snicklefritz

On a bright little street called Bell-Lover Street, stood pretty little houses. But right in the middle of all these pretty houses stood a broken-down, bewildered house. Who lives in it? Why, Mr. Snicklefritz himself.

He is a very lazy man. Matter of fact, he hates work. All of the people on Bell-Lover Street thought Mr. Snicklefritz a very peculiar man. He was short and fat, with dark, mysterious eyes and curly hair on the sides of his head.

Everybody thought Mr. Snicklefritz lived alone. But he didn't. He lived with a parrot named Barney. Barney isn't a boy. Barney is a girl. Mr. Snicklefritz found Barney when she was a baby in a broken-down barn. That's where Barney got her name.

Since Mr. Snicklefritz found Barney in a barn, he thought Barney would feel more at home if she lived in a broken-down old shelter like the barn. So he brought Barney into his house to live with him. And he's been happy ever since he got Barney Arney Snicklefritz.

Barbara Parent, Age 11
1002 Peacock Rd.
Richmond, Ind.

The Little Fish

Once upon a time there lived a fish. He was so lonely. Every day

he asked himself, "Why do the other fish have friends? And why can't I have friends?" So one day he thought hard. He decided it was that he never did smile. So he smiled all day. And from that time on he had friends.

Chris Hines, Age 8
1404 Escambia Ave.
Brewton, Ala.

The Exciting Adventurous Tales of W. W. Worm

One day a little worm called Wallace W. Worm, which is a name almost as long as the worm, was thinking about things, which is quite unusual for a worm to do. But today Wally was thinking about his home and how dark and damp it was. So after a lot of thinking (about five minutes), he decided to move.

He went up to the surface and found out that it was very hard. All of a sudden there was a big thump and another and another. As he soon found out, he was on a big people's sidewalk, which is nothing like the sidewalks of Wormville. When he found this out he got out of there faster than you can say "Wallace W. Worm." I forgot to tell you but the middle W. stands for Winifred. He never used it, though, because it was a girl's name as well as a boy's.

Anyway, he decided to go through the field to an apple tree, but it wasn't that easy. There were several animals that liked to eat worms, but one all worms were afraid of was Robert Robin. Robert Robin was a big fat robin that did nothing all day but eat and eat, and when he got tired of eating he ate some more. As Wally

was going through the field, Robert flew down and landed right behind him. Someone yelled to Wally just as Robert's head was about to come down. And boy, did he get out of there fast!

At last he came to the apple tree and found a nice juicy apple, and stayed there for a few days. One day he was perfectly contented, and all of a sudden he heard a crunch that gave Wally a crew cut because his head was too close. Wally wanted a crew cut, anyway, but I think I'd like the barber's way better. Wally finally decided that there's no place like home.

Janet Mace, Age 12
Redding Ridge, Conn.

Bubbles, a Pony

One day my sister Lisa and my brother Danny and Mommy and I went to a place where they raise horses. The one we like best is a pony named Bubbles. He is very old. Bubbles likes to eat some kinds of flowers. Not daisies! Bubbles likes carrots, too. Lisa is afraid to give Bubbles something to eat. Funny Lisa!

Laura Carroll, Age 7
32 N. Gilbert Ave.
Clarendon Hills, Ill.

The Lost Handkerchief












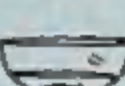


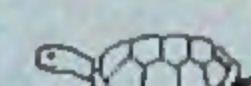


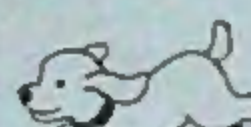



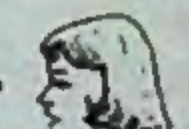


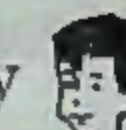


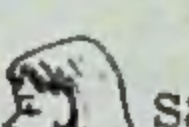



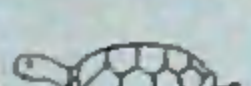



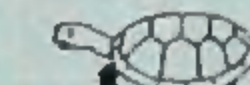

Once there was a handkerchief that belonged to a little boy in the woods. And the boy lost his handkerchief. In the woods it blew around. It wanted its owner. Then after the 100th day of the year, its owner came along. And it never got lost again.

Bruce F. Paterson, Age 7
3503 Sciota Dr.
Columbus, Ohio

The Lost Turtle

By Lou and Campbell Grant



Once there was a little boy  who had two pets, a puppy  and a turtle . The turtle  lived in a bowl  on a low table  between the chair  and the bed  in the little boy's room. The puppy  sometimes slept under the bed , but most of the time he was into mischief. One day when the little boy  awakened in the morning, he looked into the bowl  on the table  beside his bed  and the turtle  wasn't there. The little boy  called to his mother . The puppy  came out from under the bed . "The turtle  is gone," the little boy  said. The mother  looked under the bed  but the turtle  wasn't there. The little boy  looked under the table  and the chair , but the turtle wasn't there, either. Then the mother  said, "I'm sure that naughty puppy  has eaten the turtle  and his mother  looked in the puppy's mouth but, of course, the turtle  wasn't there. Then the puppy  got excited and jumped on the table  and started to bark at the bowl . And what do you think happened? The turtle  came slowly crawling out of the mud at the bottom of the bowl  where he had been sleeping all the time!

18

★ With this page, some beginners can teach themselves to read.

d

Say aloud the names of these pictures.



Now say the name of the first picture. Can you hear the sound of d in doll?

Find all the pictures which have names that start with d.

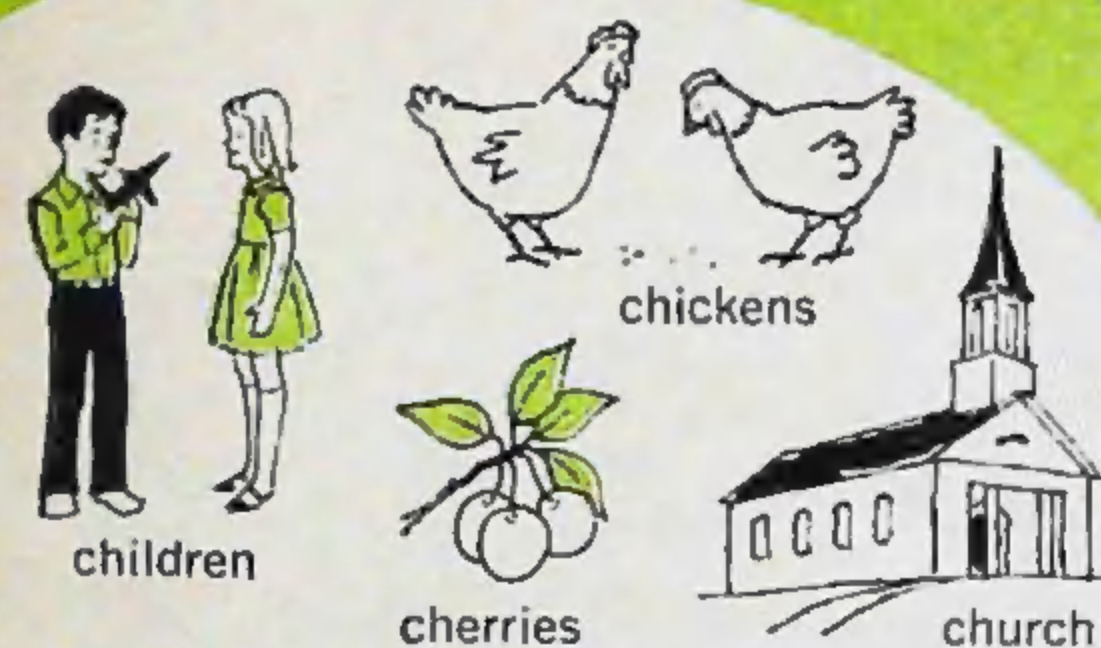
Syllables

Put per before or after the following, to make words of two syllables.

son	up	dip
whis	fect	scra
stop	wrap	haps
fume	dia	hop
cent	form	cop

19

Fun With Phonics



children

chickens

cherries

church

ch

Say the pictured words aloud. Make the sound with which each word begins.

Now say these aloud.

China	chime	chill	chief
chip	chase	cheer	chatter

In what story did a pig say, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin"?

Which pairs of words rhyme?

run	fun	fat	big
here	now	eat	beat
box	fox	go	come
see	bee	noon	soon
cup	pup	door	house

★ Sounds made interesting and meaningful by pictured words containing them.



Jane Addams A Great American 1860-1935

By Mary Carey

"When I grow up," a six-year-old girl told her father, "I'm going to build a big house and invite the poor in."

Jane Addams was only a child when she made that promise, but she knew what she wanted to do. Jane was rich, but she never forgot the promise she made. It broke her heart when she rode through the streets of Chicago with her father in a horse-drawn carriage, and saw the poor.

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

Children played in the streets which were filthy with garbage. There were no garbage collectors a hundred years ago when Jane Addams was born. There were no bathtubs in the poor section of town. Dozens of families used the same water faucet. Water was not piped in the houses. A muddy street strewn with garbage was the playground for dirty, hungry children.

When Jane Addams grew up and finished school, she returned to the poor section of town to keep her promise. She was still rich and she wanted to buy a big house so she could invite the poor in. She looked for a long time.

Finally she found a big house. At one time it had been a mansion. Now it was as dirty as everything around it, but it was still a fine house.

Miss Addams bought the old mansion and called it "Hull House." With the help of a faithful friend, Miss Ellen Starr, they moved in with scrubbing brush and soap. It took a long time to get the old mansion sparkling clean.

Miss Addams had many bathtubs with running water put in the basement. The children of the neighborhood could not understand what was going on.

"What will she do with so many bathtubs?" they asked.

"She must be awfully dirty," one little boy said.

"She couldn't be that dirty," said a girl who was old enough to go to school. "I'll bet you there's over a dozen bathtubs in there already."

"I've never seen anything so white," a very dirty boy said.

How wonderful it must have been when Miss Addams opened the doors to the big house and invited the poor people to come in and take a bath. They had never had a bath in a beautiful white tub with hot water.

When Jane Addams had helped the poor children of Chicago to get their little bodies clean, she knew her work had just begun. A bath didn't last long in a street made filthy with garbage. It was sad, but the dirty streets were the children's only playground. The buildings had grown so tall that there was little sun. Soon the streets were as dangerous as they were muddy and dirty, for automobiles had just been invented.

It was Jane Addams who talked a very rich man into giving her most of the block across the street from Hull House. It was jammed

with old houses unfit for anyone to live in. Miss Addams had them all torn down.

"Now what in the world is Miss Addams going to do with swings?" one child asked.

"And did you see all those seesaws?" another asked excitedly.

"Could you believe it?" a big boy said. "There's a baseball diamond right across from Hull House. What's going on?"

Soon they knew. It had never been done before. Jane Addams established the first free playground in America.

And that was just the beginning of the fine things Miss Addams did for the boys and girls of our land. She got the whole city of Chicago to clean up. She got garbage trucks to collect garbage.

It's hard to believe, but Miss Addams did much more than open her fine home to the poor, build a playground for the children, and get garbage collected. She opened the first day nurseries. She helped people who came to America from other countries to find work. She helped women win a right to vote in our United States. Such a thing had never been done in other countries.

Miss Addams was everybody's friend. The poorest person in town visiting in Jane's fine house might look up and see the President of the United States walk in. Three presidents knew Miss Addams and came to talk with her on matters of great importance.

One of these presidents, Teddy Roosevelt, said Miss Addams was the most useful citizen in America. We should thank God that such a fine lady really lived. Miss Addams was born one hundred years ago, in 1860. That's why we are celebrating her hundredth birthday this year.

★ The goal of Jane Addams was not money but the imperishable typical of HIGHLIGHTS biographies.

The Constitution of the United States

The Constitution of the United States is the body of rules by which our nation is governed. It was drawn up by a group of very able men representing the various colonies in September, 1787, soon after the American Revolution, as a framework of government for the United States of America.

It took less than four months to draw up this precious document.

The great men who thus founded our national government were not old men. Not many of them were as old as the senators and representatives of our present Congress. The average age of the fifty-five delegates to the Constitutional Convention was forty-four years.

Madison and Hamilton, two of the leading delegates, were only thirty-six and thirty, respectively. Gouverneur Morris of Pennsylvania, who made the most speeches and who wrote the last draft of the Constitution as it was finally approved, was thirty-five. Two other delegates were still in their twenties. Only six delegates were over sixty, and only seven were past fifty.

The oldest member of the Constitutional Convention was Benjamin Franklin. He was eighty-one years old. He was so afflicted with gallstones that he had to be carried to and from the meetings in a sedan chair. When the arguments grew very heated, Franklin would make a little speech or tell a joke to calm things down.

The most famous man at the Convention which drew up our Constitution was George Washington, who presided. He was then fifty-five years old.

Here are the beginning words of the Constitution of the United States, written 173 years ago: "We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America."

The Tale of Napoleon Mouse



By Barbee Oliver Carleton

It rained and it rained and it rained. And still it kept on raining. Napoleon Mouse sat by the window, cleaning out the cake bowl.

"Any other day," whispered he to himself, "let it rain, and see if I care. But not on Grandma's birthday. Not on the day Grandma Mouse is coming for dinner, even if she does wear her rubbers. Even if she does say, in her cheery way, 'A little rain never hurt anybody.'"

A little rain, indeed!

Napoleon pressed his small black nose against the pane, and his small black eyes grew rounder and rounder. For the puddle by the gate was no longer just a puddle. It was a little lake, deeper than rubbers, deeper than boots, deeper than Grandma herself!

Back in the kitchen, Mother and Father Mouse and Napoleon's sixteen sisters were ever so busy and gay—much too busy and gay to stare out of windows. With the cake to decorate, they told each other, and the

ice cream to freeze, and the little gifts to wrap—with all these things to do before Grandma Mouse arrived, now who had time to fret about the weather?

"Nobody!" laughed Mother Mouse, sampling the frosting.

"Nobody!" laughed Father Mouse, dancing his little wife round and round the kitchen.

"Nobody!" laughed the sixteen sisters, mixing and beating and tasting. And they started to sing a little song, so happy were they because Grandma was coming.

April showers bring May flowers.
Squeakity, squeakity, squeak.
Everything's humming, Grandma's coming.
Squeakity, squeakity . . . !

"How?" said Napoleon.

The sixteen sisters stopped singing. Mother and Father Mouse stopped dancing. They all stared at Napoleon.

"How, what?"

"How's Grandma coming?" asked that worried little mouse. He pointed outside, and it looked as if his whiskers were starting to quiver.

At that, everybody ran to the window. Everybody's mouth went into a little round O. For the puddle had become a sea, and the sea had covered the field, and away off at the end of the field stood Grandma's house. From an upstairs window, someone was waving a hanky.

Illustrated by Alice Chapin



"Grandma!" choked all sixteen of the sister mice. They threw their pinafores over their heads and tried not to cry.

"Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear!" whispered Mother Mouse. "Whatever shall we do?"

"Not a boat in the house," Father Mouse was muttering. "Not even an old inner tube!"

So busy were those sorry little mice, what with worrying and taking on, that nobody saw what Napoleon was doing. Nobody said, "Oh, no, it won't work!" or "Oh, no, it's too dangerous!"

By the time they did notice, that brave little mouse (along with the cake bowl and the wooden spoon) was halfway to Grandma's house, if you please, and paddling like nobody's business! His small mouse voice came back to them in a damp but happy song.

Hey for Grandma! Hey for me!
Hey for a life on the rolling sea!
Back we'll come in a one, two, three.
Oh, hey for the rolling, rolling, rolling,
Hey for the rolling sea!

Then everybody began to smile again, and hustle and bustle about.

In a song and a dance and a one, two, three, everything was ready. The table was set, the snug little house was shiny clean. Wonderful smells came out of the kitchen.

Then the rain began to stop and the sun began to shine. Before very long, back paddled Napoleon over the waves. There in the cake bowl beside him sat Grandma Mouse with her eyes as sparkly as the water all around them.



"A little rain never hurt anybody," she laughed, waving her hanky.

And "Happy Birthday, Grandma Mouse!" called Father and Mother Mouse and the sixteen sisters, waving back.

Then everybody looked at Napoleon as he came paddling up the path. So proud of him was that happy mouse family that nobody could think of a word to say about how wonderfully clever he was.

And that was just as well. Because if Napoleon had felt one smidgen happier, being so little and all, he would surely have burst. And that would never do on somebody's birthday! Now, would it?

★ A picturesque, dramatic story that children seven to nine will eagerly read and younger children rapidly listen to.



By David Dietz

Winner of Pulitzer Prize in Journalism
Author of *All About Satellites*
and *Space Ships*

Before very long, the man in the moon will be joined by men on the moon.

I am sure you have seen the man in the moon many times. Of course, you know what he really is. It's just the dark spots on the moon which make the full moon look like a man's face.

As you may know, it is 240,000 miles from the earth to the moon. The moon has a diameter of 2163 miles, about one-fourth that of the earth.

The first lunar explorer will probably have two or three companions. These first explorers will not have an easy time of it. They will have to be very careful of what they do and how they do it.

The moon has no atmosphere, so there will be no air for the explorer to breathe. Consequently he will have to carry his own oxygen supply wherever he goes.

It would be sudden death for him to step out of his spaceship in ordinary clothes. He will need a

very special kind of space suit, with electric temperature controls. With no atmosphere, the rays of the sun beat directly upon the lunar surface. The daytime temperature rises to more than 200 degrees F., about the temperature of boiling water. And because there is no blanket of air to hold in the heat, at night the temperature drops to about 400 degrees below zero.

The space suit will also have to protect the explorer from the constant rain of tiny meteors and from the very short rays of ultraviolet light from the sun. These very short rays are deadly. Here on earth we are protected. Our atmosphere burns up the meteors, and absorbs most of the ultraviolet light.

The explorer will be surprised to find how high he can jump on the moon. Because of its small size (about 2200 miles in diameter), the force of gravity on the moon

is only about one-sixth of the force of gravity on earth. A man who could jump 4 feet on the earth will be able to jump 24 feet on the moon.

If you have looked at the moon through a telescope or prism binoculars, or even through opera glasses, you have some idea of the strange, fantastic scene that will greet the eye of the lunar explorer.

The moon not only lacks air, it also lacks water. Consequently everything looks far different from the way things look on earth. There are no forests or beautiful trees. There are no grassy plains. There are no flowers.

There are great mountain ranges with peaks more rugged than those of the Rocky Mountains or the Alps. But there are no pleasant mountain streams or tumbling waterfalls. No tall peak is capped with snow or ice. The mountains are only bare rock. Between the mountain ranges there are great rocky deserts that rival the Sahara. But there are no oases on these deserts.

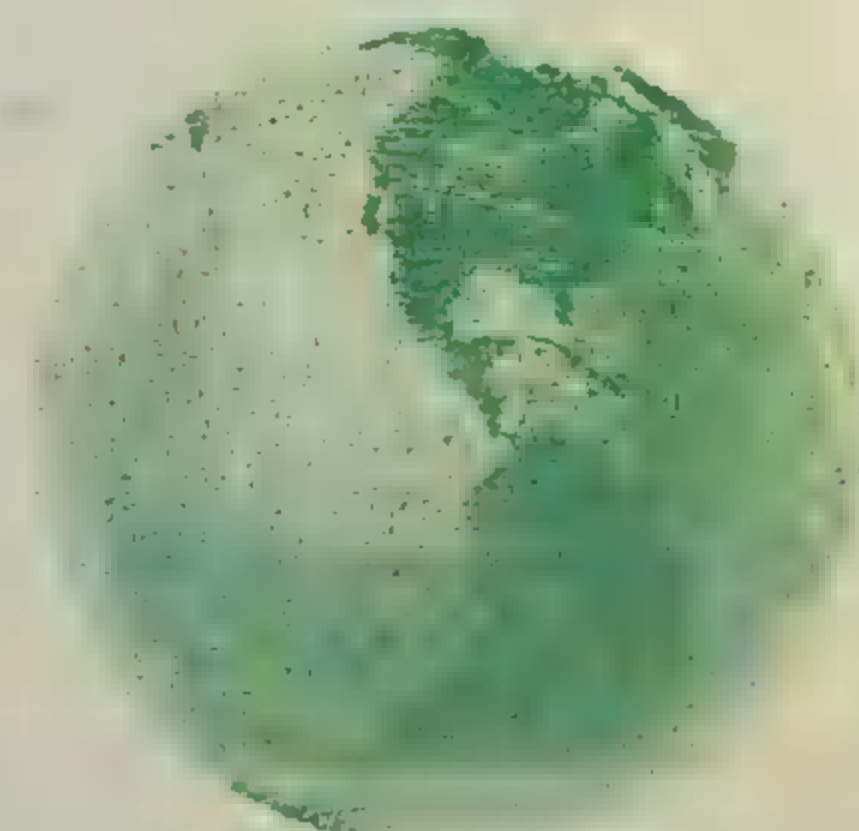
The strangest features of the lunar landscape are the craters. Some of these rise like extinct volcanoes from the rocky deserts. Others are among the mountains. However, all of them do not look

Illustrated by Ted Schroeder

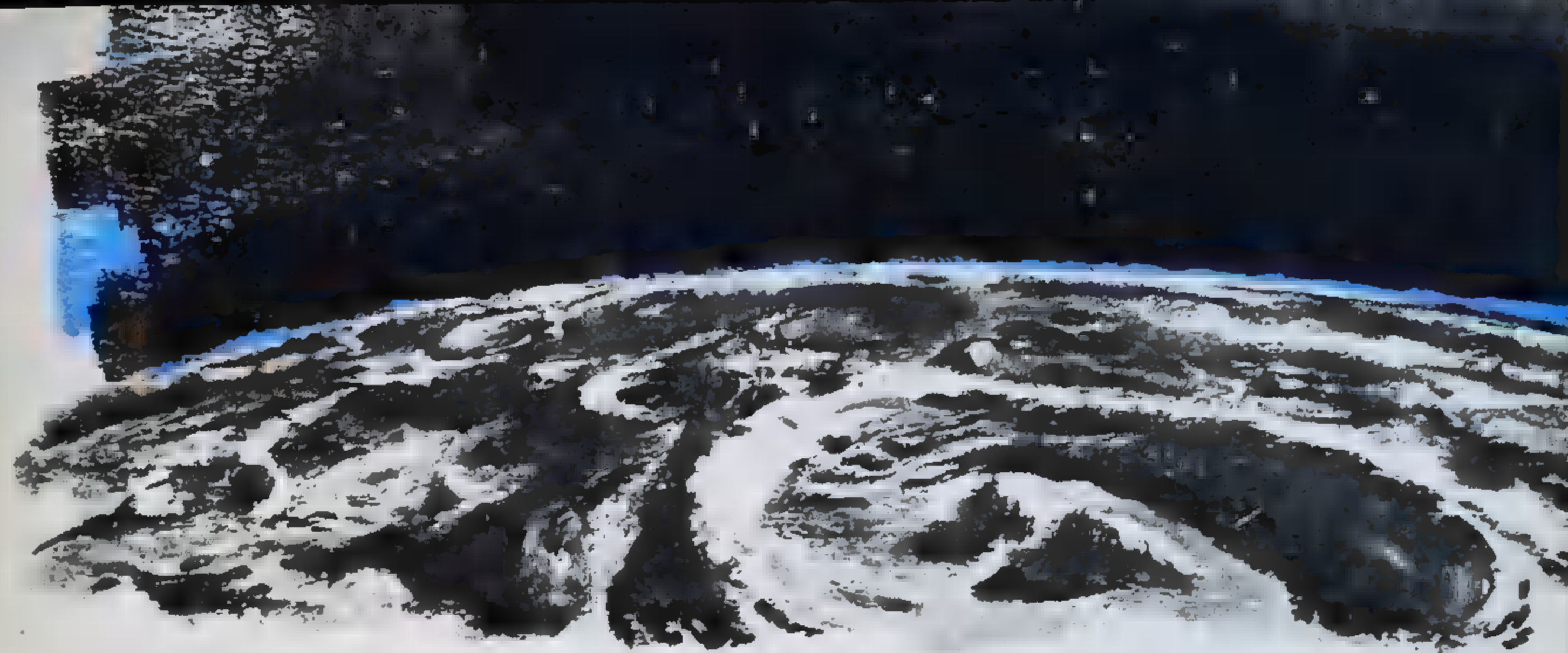
The moon has a diameter of 2163 miles, about one-fourth that of the earth.



moon



earth



The strangest features of the lunar landscape are the craters. There are about 32,000 on the side of the moon which we see.

like extinct volcanoes. Some are great flat plains as much as 100 miles in diameter, enclosed by a ring of mountain walls. The larger craters have been named after famous astronomers. They are called Copernicus, Tycho, Kepler, and so on. There are about 32,000 craters on the side of the moon which we see.

Astronomers are certain that the first visitors to the moon will find the level surfaces covered with a thick layer of small rocks and pebbles and dust. This is the result of the millions and millions of meteors that have fallen on the moon. In some places the layer of dust may be many feet deep and may hide cracks in the moon's surface. The first explorers will have to be very careful in going about on the moon.

Astronomers have been making maps of the moon ever since Galileo turned his first little telescope on the moon in the year 1609. He thought that the dark patches on the moon which form the man in the moon were oceans. He called them "maria," which is the Latin word for "seas." Today we know that they are only great flat plains marked with craters and long steep cliffs here and there.

We still call these great plains by the names which were given to them in Galileo's time. These are in Latin and they are very beautiful and poetic. One is called Mare Tranquillitatis, which means Sea of Tranquility. Another is Mare Serenitatis or Sea of Serenity. A third is Mare Imbrium or Sea of Rains, and so on. Several of the maria are very large and nearly circular in shape. Mare Imbrium is about 700 miles in diameter.

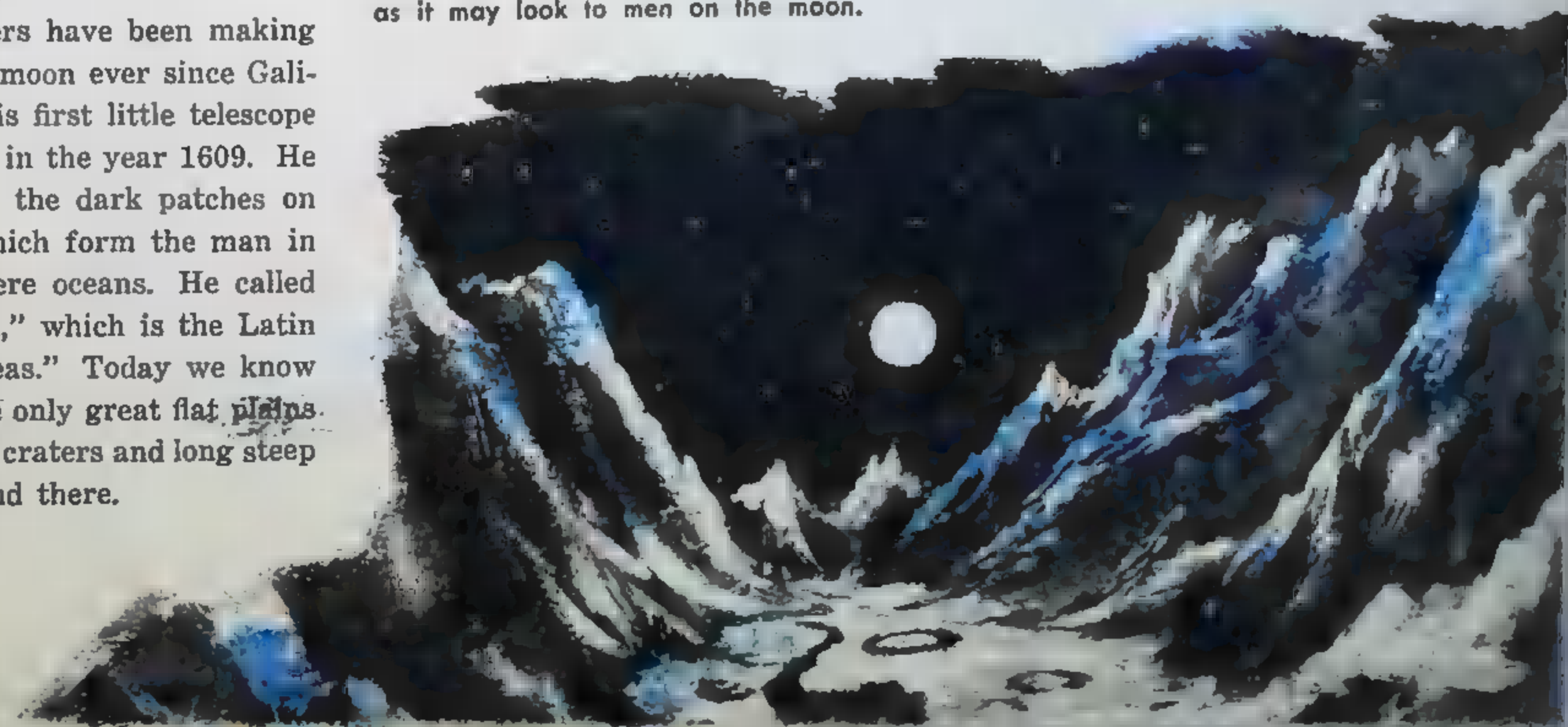
There are ten great mountain ranges on the side of the moon we can see. These have been named after mountain ranges on the earth. One is the Lunar Alps, another Lunar Apennines, and so on. The reason that we see only one side of the moon is that the moon

turns on its own axis in exactly the same time that it goes around the earth. As a result, it always keeps the same face toward us.

Both the United States and Russia have sent satellites into the neighborhood of the moon. One Russian satellite landed and another sent back a television picture of the other side of the moon which had never been seen before. This first picture was not very clear. But it showed that the other side of the moon is very much like the side we see.

The men who visit the moon will be very eager to make maps of the hidden side of the moon. They will be exploring a place which no man before them was able to see.

The largest planet in this sky is the earth as it may look to men on the moon.



Steve's Problem

By Dorothy Boys Kilian



The new long-sleeved plaid shirt and brown cords were going to feel pretty hot this warm September morning, but Steve Mallory put them on without complaining. He had something more important than clothes to worry about. Today he would find out whether he was going to be on the school Safety Patrol. Only four fifth graders—two boys and two girls—were going to be chosen, and he knew a lot of them wanted the jobs.

When he went into the kitchen, he saw that his six-year-old brother was already at the breakfast table. Roddy, who usually babbled his head off so nobody else could get a word in edgewise, was sitting there behind his cereal bowl, saying nothing, eating nothing.

"You know, Steve," Mother called from the table where she was making sandwiches, "it would

be nice if you ate lunch with Roddy. It being his first day at Madison, he'd surely be glad to see a familiar face by noontime."

"Aw, Mom, fifth graders don't sit with the little guys. All my friends will be over on the corner benches."

"Couldn't you, just this once? He won't know a soul there except you," Mother persisted. "You'd like him to, wouldn't you, Roddy?"

"Yeah," Roddy said solemnly.

"Oh, Rod, you'll know a lot of kids by lunchtime," Steve said, frowning. "Anyway, how would it look for someone who's running for Safety to be hiding behind a six-year-old's skirts?"

"I don't wear skirts!" Roddy yelled.

"What I mean is," Steve explained, "I signed up last June as a candidate for a Safety job. The principal goes around the playground the first day of school and watches to see how those kids get along with people, and if they can hold their own with the biggest guys and everything. Then he writes down the names of the candidates who fill the bill. I can't bury myself with the first graders today!"

Mother sighed. "Well, of course, it's your decision," she said. "But it would be a nice thing to do."

"Mom, I just can't," Steve groaned. "Don't you understand?"

As Steve stepped out into the warm noontime sun several hours later, lunch box in hand, he hardly remembered his mother's words, he was so busy looking for his old friends.

"Hi, Steve!" Jack Manley, a boy he hadn't seen since last June, swatted him on the back. "Too bad we aren't in the same room again this year, but anyway we

can eat together. Come on over to the corner benches."

"Yeah, Steve." Randy Conness appeared with a bat and ball in his hands. "Hurry up and cram down your lunch. I want you on my team."

"OK, fellas," Steve said happily. This year was going to be as much fun as last, with maybe the extra thrill of being a Safety.

He started to follow Jack and Randy, but something made him turn around and look toward the pergola near the door. Suddenly he was looking squarely at his young brother. Roddy was sitting by himself on the end of a bench, a little space between him and the next small boy. His eyes were open very wide as he stared at Steve.

For a second Steve stared back at him. He saw the corners of Roddy's mouth begin to turn up hopefully.

"What's eating you, Steve?" Jack pulled at his elbow. "Let's get going."

"Well . . ." Steve saw Roddy move over even farther toward the end of the bench to make room for him in case he did come over.

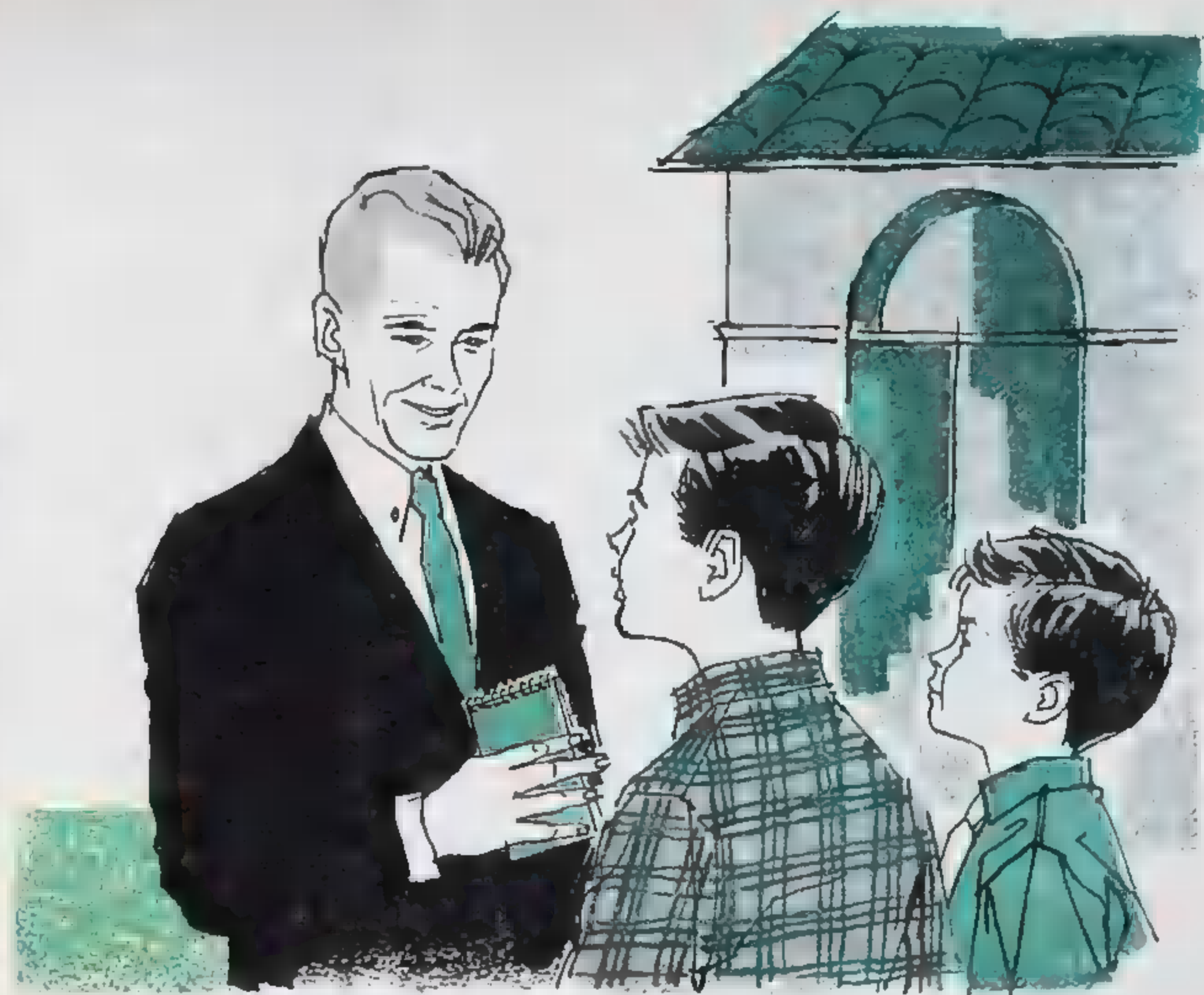
Steve took a deep breath. "I'll see you guys later," he growled. "I'm having lunch with my kid brother today." He walked quickly to the pergola.

"Hello, Steve," Roddy said happily. His eyes were shining now. "Here, you take this piece of cake. Mom gave me too much stuff."

"Keep it," Steve said gruffly. "You can eat it at snacktime."

Roddy put a hand on his brother's knee and, leaning over him, called proudly to the boy down the bench, "This is my brother. He's in fifth grade." The boy stared at Steve admiringly.

Steve could tell that Roddy felt



Illustrated by Jerome Weisman

comfortable now because he was babbling just like he did at home. "I love this cheese, don't you?" he was saying. "It kind of melts in your mouth so you don't have to chew it."

Steve grinned. The cheese sandwiches were good. In fact everything tasted extra-good—maybe because he was beginning to feel good.

Just then he caught sight of Mr. Meggs, the principal, walking across the playground. Sure enough, the little black notebook was sticking out of his shirt pocket. Steve sighed. Oh, well, maybe he could be a Safety next year.

Mr. Meggs stopped at the pergola. "This your brother, Steve?" he asked. "He looks a lot like you."

"Yes, sir," Steve said. "This is Roddy. He's starting first grade."

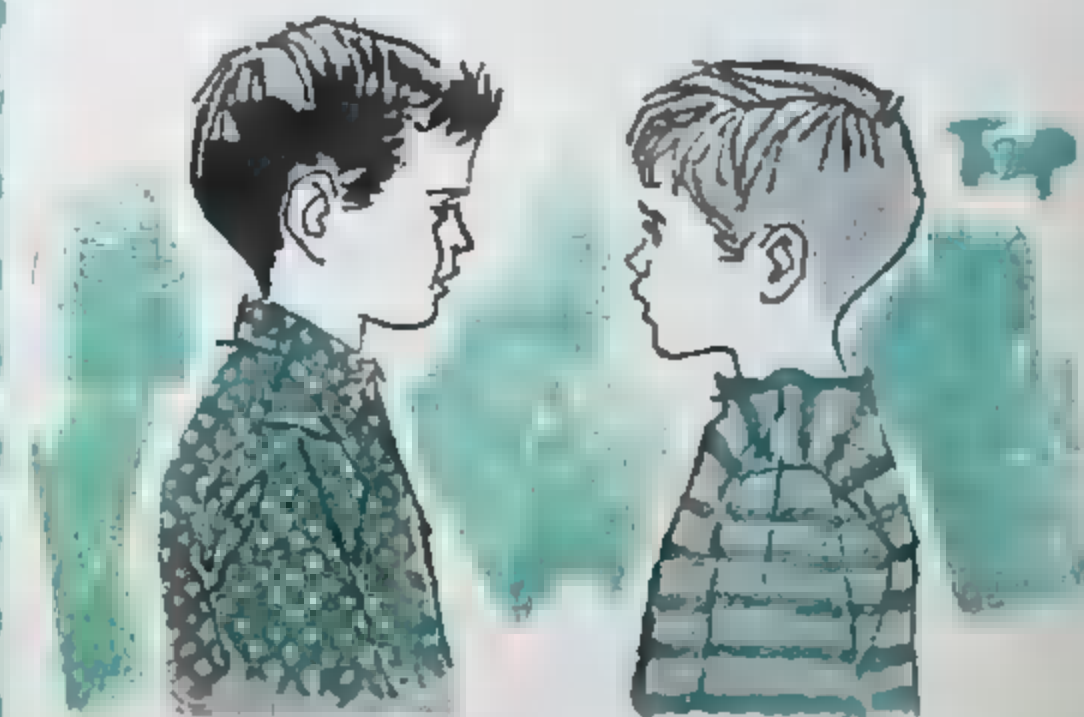
"And you're showing him the ropes around here on his first day. Good!" Mr. Meggs smiled. Then

he reached in his pocket and took out the little notebook. "I'll see you this afternoon, Steve—at the first Safety meeting."

"Some things I don't like to eat."

"Some I don't like, either. But when Sandy was at our house for dinner, he said 'I don't like this' and 'I don't like that,' and he never tasted some of the good things Mother had prepared. I don't want to be that way."

"And I don't, either."



★ Kindness to little brother by big brother who makes the School Safety Patrol.



Two Loaves for the Sabbath

By Sydney Taylor

All religious faiths have their own important days, and it is good to learn about them. This story is about the Jewish Sabbath.

28

"Now can we start, Grandma?"

"Start?" Grandma asked, as if she didn't know what Debbie meant. But Debbie could see her eyes were twinkling.

"You know perfectly well, Grandma," Debbie said. "Today is Friday. And we're suppose to buy hallah for the Sabbath. And you promised that the next time you came to visit, we'd make our own hallah."

"Hmm, I don't know," Grandma replied. "It's been a long time since I made my own hallah. I'm not even sure I remember how, any more." But already she was bustling about the kitchen getting everything ready.

Debbie jumped up and down. "Won't Daddy be surprised!"

Just then Mommy came in with two aprons. "Here, little grasshopper, put this on. And help Grandma into hers."

"What do I do first, Grandma?" Debbie asked, smoothing her apron proudly.

"Well, take the cake of yeast out of its silver paper and drop it into this cup of warm water."

Meanwhile, Grandma poured a mound of flour into a big mixing

bowl. She made a little nest in the flour and into it she broke two eggs and added some water. "Now," she clucked softly, "we add a little sugar . . . a little salt . . ."

"How much is a little?" asked Debbie.

Mommy laughed. "You old-time cooks! No recipes, no measuring. Still the food comes out just delicious. How do you do it?"

"By feeling, I guess," Grandma replied. "That's what my mother always used to say." She added the melted yeast and some oil. "Now, Debbie, mix it all together."

"It looks so gooshy, Grandma. Can I do it?"

"Uh-huh."

So Debbie mixed and mixed until her arm was tired. "It got awfully thick, Grandma. See how it sticks to the spoon. It's hard to move the lumps around."

Grandma took over, and pretty soon there was a big piece of dough ready for the baking board. After sprinkling a little flour over the board, she kneaded and kneaded the dough till it was smooth and round. Then she put it into a bowl, covered it with a clean cloth, and set it in a warm place. "It has to

rise to twice its size," she explained to Debbie.

For more than an hour Debbie waited and waited. Every little while she peeked under the cloth to watch the lump.

At last Grandma said it was big enough. She cut the dough in half. "We have to knead each piece some more. Watch me. With the palm of my hand. See?"

"Let me try, Grandma."

Grandma cut off a small piece. "Here. You make your own little hallah. Put some flour on your hands so the dough won't stick.



Now knead it. Smooth! That's the way."

"Grandma," Debbie exclaimed, "it feels all bouncy like a rubber ball."

"Good! Exactly the way it's supposed to feel." Grandma sliced Debbie's dough into three parts. "We'll roll these into nice long pieces."

Debbie giggled. "They look like fat pencils."

Grandma pinched them together at one end. "Know how to braid your hair, Debbie?"

"Of course."

"Then braid your hallah."

Carefully Debbie wound the pieces in and out to the end.

"Now watch while I braid mine with six pieces," Grandma said. Her fingers moved so fast that they seemed to be flying.

"My little hallah looks so small against your big one," Debbie said.

"A little hallah for a little girl," Grandma answered, smiling. "Come, we'd better hurry. Mama still has to roast her chicken. Everything must be ready for the Sabbath before sundown." Slipping the loaves into bread pans, Grandma brushed the tops with egg yolk. "To make them shiny," she told Debbie.

Into the oven the pans were popped, and before long the house was filled with a heavenly odor. "Nothing is so delicious as the smell of baking bread," Mommy declared.

Just before sunset, Grandma and Mommy made the familiar blessing over the Sabbath candles. Debbie sat quietly, listening. "This is the nicest time of the whole week," she thought. She looked around. "The house has such a good Sabbath feeling. The table is so beautifully set—and with the pretty embroidered cloth covering the hallah."

Later when all were seated at table, Daddy asked Grandpa, "Will you do us the honor of saying the blessing over the wine?"

"My son, tonight you do it."

Lifting the cup, Daddy chanted the prayer and took a sip. Now it was time for the blessing of the Sabbath bread. Debbie wiggled in her chair, all trembly with excitement.

Daddy raised the cloth. "Oh," he exclaimed, "homemade hallah! But, Mommy, there's only one hal-

lah here," he said gently. "You know it's the custom to have two loaves for the Sabbath."

"You are absolutely right," said Grandpa with a big wink at Debbie. "The two loaves remind us that when the Israelites wandered in the wilderness, a double portion of manna fell from heaven on Friday—because it was forbidden to gather manna on the Sabbath."

"Why don't you look some more?" Debbie suggested.

Daddy lifted the cloth away. Right beside the big hallah lay the darlinest little hallah—just as crisp and golden brown as the big one.

"Where did this come from?" Daddy asked, astonished.

"I made it," exclaimed Debbie. "Grandma showed me. Hurry up and cut it. I want everybody to have a slice of mine for the prayer."

"My, my! What a wonderful surprise!" Daddy said as he handed out the slices. "Now we'll see if it tastes as good as it looks."

The blessing over the bread was recited, and all took a bite. Debbie looked around anxiously. Everyone was smiling. Daddy's face wore the biggest smile of all. "Debbie," he said, "this is the best hallah I ever tasted."

Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



29

Pinky

You are requested to be at the home of Betsy Boyd, 1710 Prinrose Avenue, at two o'clock, Saturday afternoon, to help identify the guilty person in the Case of the Missing Piece of the Jigsaw Puzzle. Also be prepared to tell a riddle or short mystery story to be solved. Wear slacks.

Then Betsy, her mother, and Jane prepared the Mystery Room.

They set up a card table and laid out on it a jigsaw puzzle, composed of large pieces. One piece was removed. On the table they placed the clues—a penciled outline of Jane's hand, a large broken button, and an earring.

Observation Test. Betsy asked

Memory Identification Test. Four suspects were brought forward, including Jane, the real culprit. All were decked with earrings and other jewelry and ornaments, funny hats, hands full of

When it was time to go home, the children told Betsy they thought it was the best party they had ever been to.



Jokes

Carole Anchor—Ohio

Dana Ledford—Ohio

Kathy Durdel—Ohio

Tommie Harris—Wisconsin

Eddie Murphy—Nebraska

Mason Riggs—North Carolina

Mary Waltz—Pennsylvania

Danny Andrews—California

Janis Cameron—Minnesota

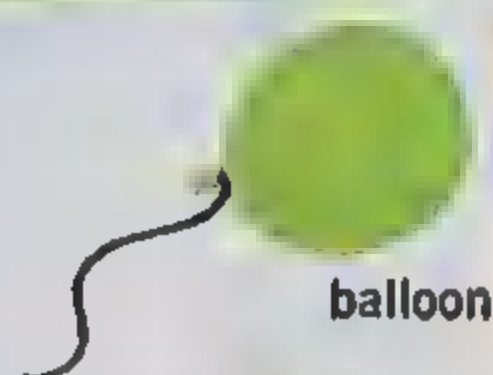
Highlights for Children Honesdale, Pa.

Thinking Fun

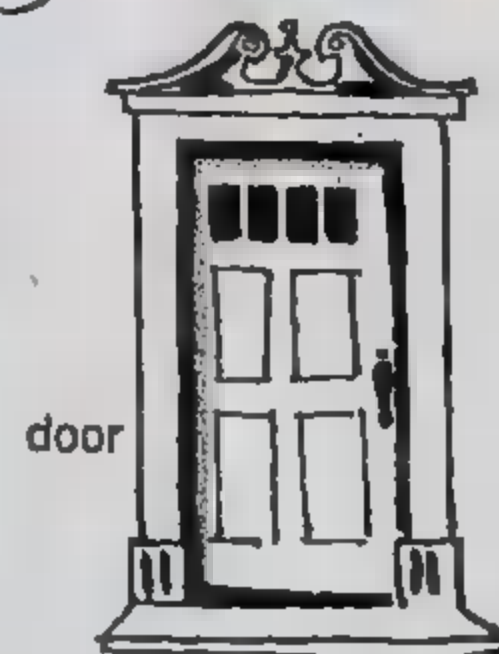
In each picture is a protector.
Whom does he protect?



Which Could You Measure With a Ruler?



balloon



door



desk



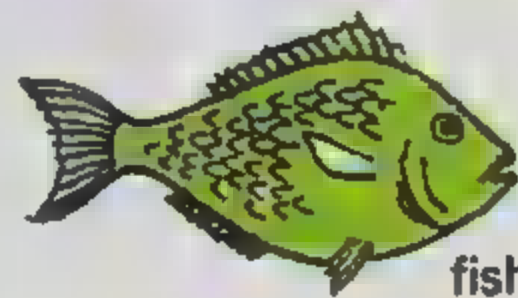
football



lamp bulb

Which Store Food for Future Use?

Most wild creatures eat right away the food they can find. A few store some food away to be eaten later. Which of these creatures store food?



fish



chipmunk



rabbit



honeybee



squirrel



toad



beaver



grasshopper

★ The kind of fun which doesn't arouse smiles or laughter.



Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers

Professor of Botany and Zoology
University of Texas

Question:

You told us once that a person in Chicago would weigh about an ounce more than he would weigh in New Orleans. If this is so, why couldn't I make money by buying gold in New Orleans and selling it in Chicago?

Say, it almost looks as if you have something there. If you did, I would ask for a partnership in your new company. But actually the answer is: No, it won't work. Let me explain why.

Perhaps you remember that the real measure of the amount of stuff in any object is its **mass**. And the mass of a gold bar is the same wherever it is—whether it is in New Orleans or Chicago or out in space. Perhaps you remember, also, that a convenient way to measure the mass of something is to measure its **weight**. And the weight of a body depends upon its mass and on the **force of gravity** which pulls it toward the center of the earth. At different places on the earth's surface the force of gravity is almost, but not quite, the same. At Chicago the force of gravity is just a little bit greater than it is at New Orleans, and so any object weighs just a little more at Chicago.

Now there are two methods by which we can weigh things. One

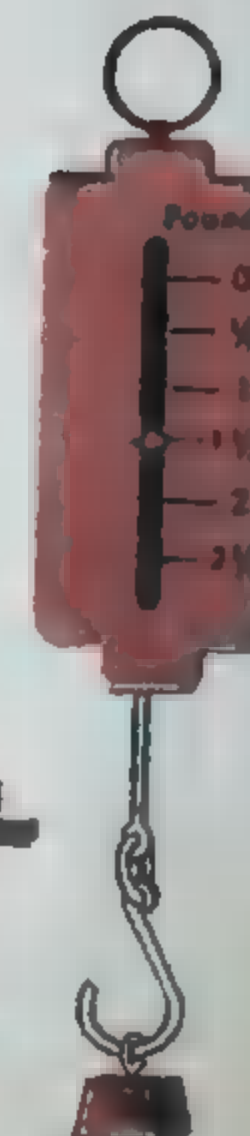
way is to measure the stretch of a spring. The more we pull on a spring, the more it stretches. So we can make a **spring scale**. It really measures the weight of an object, the force with which it is pulled toward the earth. If you got in a spaceship and took your spring scale far out in space, where the pull of gravity was very low, it would show that your object weighed much, much less. So a spring scale really can show that an object weighs more in Chicago than in New Orleans. Unfortunately, most spring scales are not very accurate and would not be able to measure such a small difference.

There is another and more accurate method of weighing. It works on the same principle as the teeter-totter. You probably played on a teeter-totter when you were little. Try to remember how it worked. Suppose that you got on one end and a friend got on the other, and you were both the same distance from the center post. Suppose neither of you pushed but just raised your feet. Who would go up and who would go down? Why, certainly, the heavier one would go down. Or if both of you weighed the same you would just balance each other. We can use

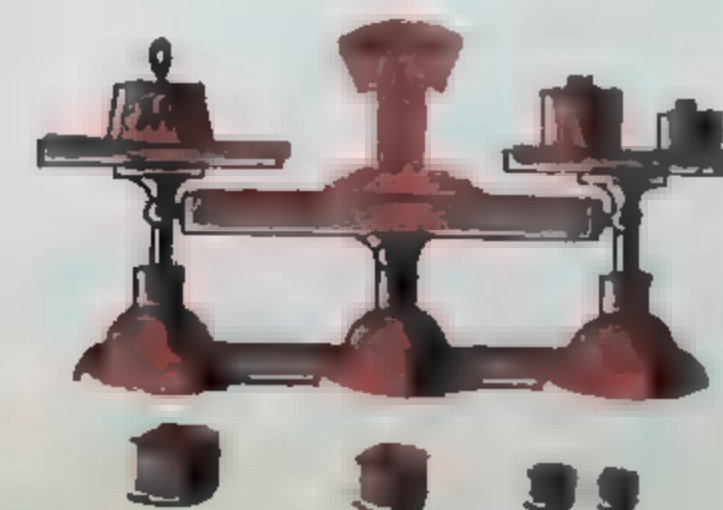
this same principle to compare the weights of any two objects. Actually the gadget for doing this doesn't look much like a teeter-totter even though it works on the same idea. We call it a **balance**.

In order to weigh with a balance we need a set of **weights**—pieces of brass or steel whose weights we already know. If we want to weigh a bar of gold we would put it on one side of the balance. Then we would put weights on the other side until neither side went up or down—until both sides were just balanced. Then we would add up the weights we used, and this amount would be the weight of the gold bar.

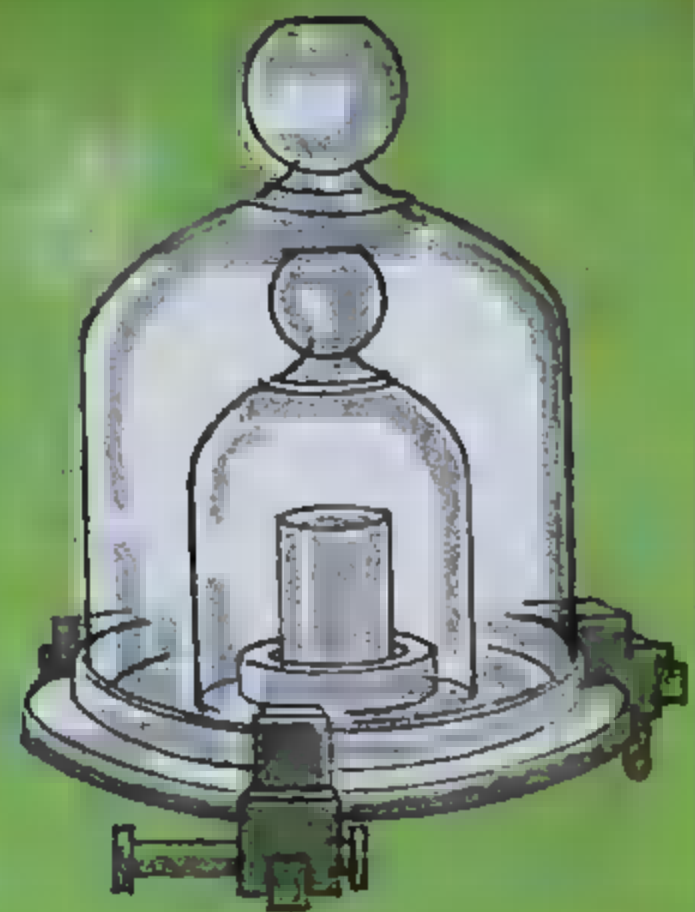
Spring Scale



Balance



★ Reading the kindly, simple explanations by this eminent scientist makes a body feel almost face to face with him.



The standard of mass for the United States is this cylinder, carefully preserved at the Bureau of Standards in Washington, D.C.

One advantage of the balance method is that it doesn't make any difference at all where we do the weighing. Suppose we weigh the gold bar in New Orleans. And then we take the gold bar and our weights to Chicago. The bar gets a little heavier, but so do our weights. And even if we did our weighing on a spaceship far out in space where the force of gravity is very small, exactly the same weights would still balance the bar

of gold. Do you see the idea? A balance becomes a way of measuring mass because it is not affected by changes in the force of gravity.

Since gold is so expensive, it is always weighed on a very sensitive balance. So you see why you and I cannot make a fortune buying gold in New Orleans and selling it in Chicago.

You may have thought up another question which we had better talk about right now before I forget. How do we know that the weights which we use on a balance are correct? How do we know that the 1-pound weights used in New Orleans and Chicago and New York all have the same mass? In fact, how do we know that a pound is always a pound? The answer is that somewhere there has to be a weight which everyone agrees on—a standard.

In our National Bureau of Standards in Washington, D. C.,

there is a cylinder made of two metals, platinum and iridium, which do not rust or corrode. This little cylinder is just exactly like other cylinders carefully kept by other countries as their standards. All of them were made at the same time. Each of them weighs just exactly one **kilogram** which is the scientific unit used as a measure of mass. In the United States we commonly use a smaller unit of mass (which we also call weight), the **pound**. And we say that a kilogram equals 2.2046 (about 2½) pounds.

We also have other standards for other kinds of measurements like **length** and **time**, and even standards to measure the brightness of lamps. Keeping the standards and helping scientists to have a good set of standards for their measurements is one of the important jobs of our National Bureau of Standards.

Young Bears Learn a Lesson

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Woozy: "We had a lot of fun in that house they're building."

Poozy: "I climbed to the roof."

Piddy: "A good place to play hide-and-seek."

Father: "I didn't know you were going over there."



Father: "Did you get permission from the man who's bossing the job?"

Poozy: "The men had all gone home."

Mother: "But it doesn't belong to us."

Father: "Don't go in that house again till I go with you."

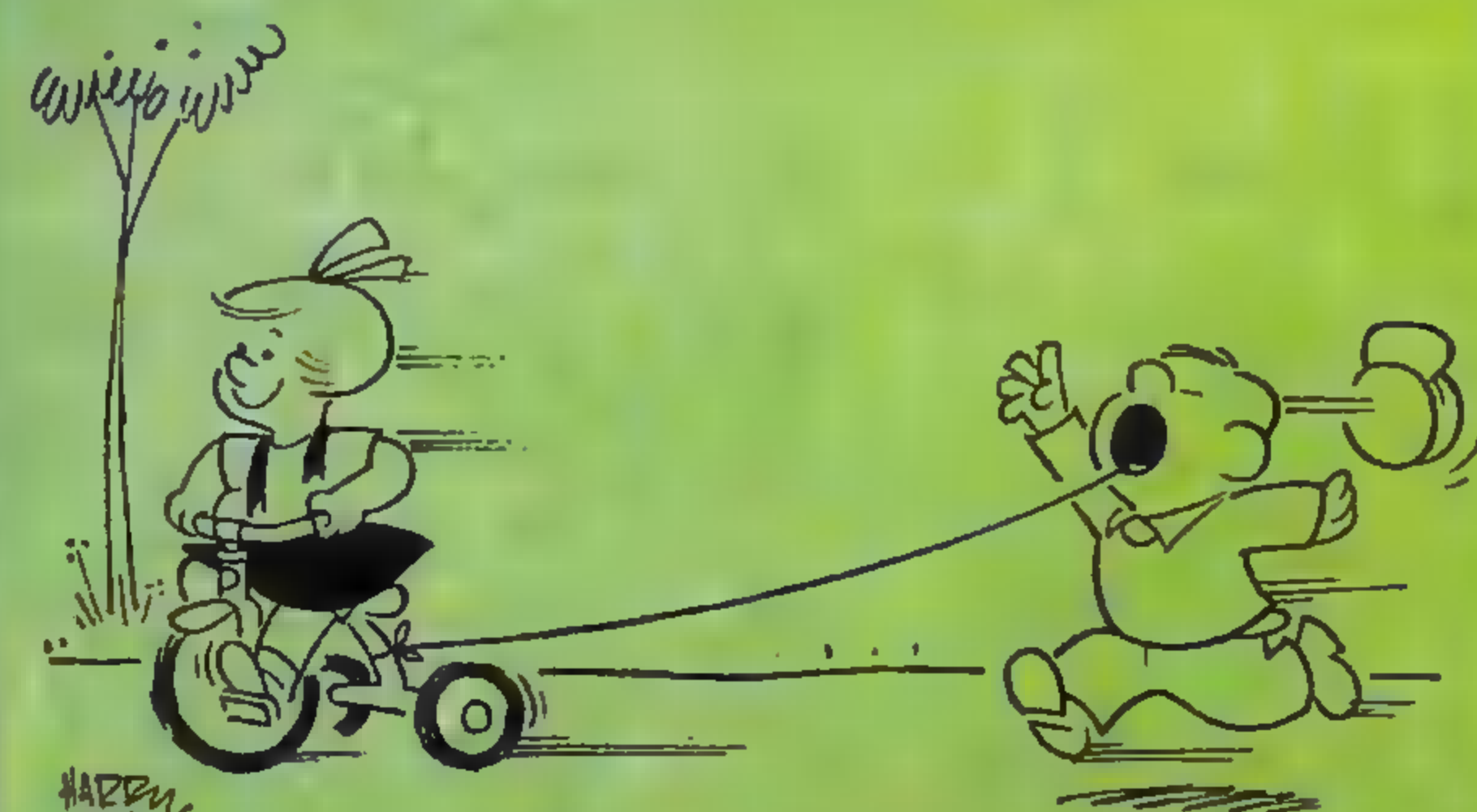


Father: "After your men go home, may the children look through the house?"

Boss: "If you will come with them."

Father: "I surely will."

★ A dramatic lesson in citizenship, useful in almost any neighborhood.



"Hold it! I've changed my mind!"

Nonsense

He rocked the boat.
Did Ezra Shank.
These bubbles mark



Where Ezra sank.

Our Own Pages

Circus

The lions that roar
And the bears that dance,
The people that clap
And the people that laugh—
That is what a circus is for.

Abbie Erbstein, Age 7
6005 Crown Lane
Des Moines, Iowa

Our Forty-ninth State

Our forty-ninth state, as most
of you know,
Is truly a land of ice and of
snow.
But on June 21st the sun shines
all day,
And everything happens in a most
unusual way.
At 12:00 midnight it is truly a
sight
To see baseball games going on
all through the night.
But around December at 12:00
noon,
Instead of the sun, you are
seeing the moon.

Laura Sliwicz, Age 11
30524 Avon Pl.
Garden City, Mich.

A Frightened Bear Cub

Once upon a time there lived a
bear cub. Now this cub was not
a very good cub because he would
stray away from his den.

Once when he strayed away, he
saw two great eyes and heard a
growl. It was only a dog, but he
didn't know that. With a fright-
ened yelp, he ran back to his den,
and never, never strayed away
again.

David Rubin, Age 9
621 N.W. 198th St.
N. Miami Beach, Fla.



Baseball Champion

Vivian Hancock, Age 10
3868 N. Navarro
Victoria, Texas



The Girl Who
Fell Off the Horse

Rae Dickstein, Age 3
1476 Lovely Ridge Rd., N.E.
Atlanta, Ga.



Peter S. Flores, Age 12
P. O. Box 72
Sasamco, Texas

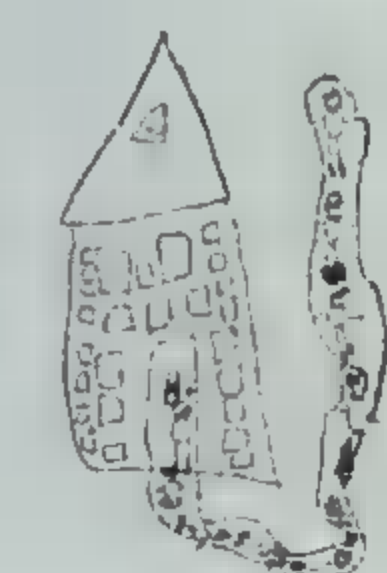
A Raindrop on the Window

A raindrop on the window,
So very, very small.
I watched it with my own eyes,
And it didn't move at all.
Just then it took a little creep.
I thought that it was scared.
I took my hand and smashed on it,
And then it disappeared.

Sheri Steinman, Age 8
1231 E. 57 St.
Brooklyn, N.Y.



Martha Giles, Age 4
316 E. Detroit
Manmouth, Ill.



Julia Adams, Age 5
133 Newberry Circle
Oak Ridge, Tenn.



A Western Picture

Kathleen Creswell, Age 5
1206 W. Amelia
Phoenix, Ariz.

The Blue Jay

It was a nice day in fall. A blue
jay came to me to say, "Which way
is south?"

Then I said in wonder, "Don't
you know the way to the south?"

Then he said, "Nobody ever told
me."

Kent Chamberlin, Age 9
5050 Glenmuir Dr.
Dayton, Ohio



Dog's Head

Matt Adamczyk, Age 11
6510 Ridgewood Ave
Parma, Ohio



Soldier

Greg Brown, Age 4
1980 Lincoln Dr.
Manhattan, Kans.



A Dog

Patty Berens, Age 2
R. 2, Box 273-C
Eugene, Ore.



Sailing Ship

Eddie Malpass, Age 6
R. 2
East Jordan, Mich.



Prehistoric Reptiles

Millford Gutridge, Age 9
R. 1
Alexandria, Ohio



Jackie Renner, Age 7
Elkhorn, Wis.



The Constitution

Melvin McDonald, Age 8
433 N. 17th St.
Springfield, Ore.

A Friendly Policeman

I know a policeman
As friendly as can be.
He always helps the little folks,
And says hello to me.

Karen Abramson, Age 8
6510 Del Matro
Des Moines, Iowa

A Code

Below is a sentence with the letters all mixed up. You can unmix them
if you follow these directions.

If you write the letter that follows alphabetically the one that's down
there, you will get the right answer. Wherever there is a "z" use "a."
Sample: c (d) n (o) f (g) = dog.

H khjd ghfgkhfgr adbtzrd hs gzyr otyykdz zmc injdr.

Answer: a. jokes and puzzles and jokes.

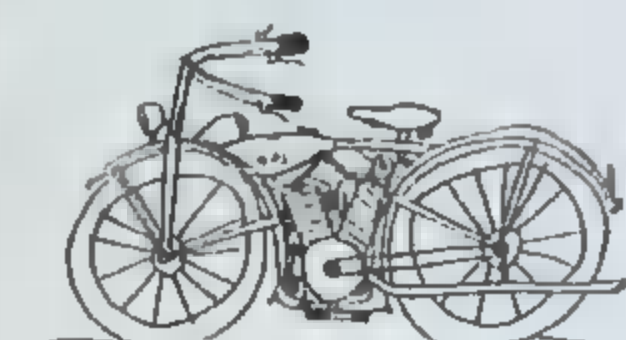
Barbara Pool, Age 9
R. 3
Shawnee, Okla.

Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address,
and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses
are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.



A Funny Man

Amy Cartee, Age 3
869 9th St.
Idaho Falls, Idaho



Motorcycle

Johnny Merrill, Age 12
1333 Hall Ave.
Grand Junction, Colo.



My Sister and I

Mary Ann Strempek, Age 4
47 Belchertown St.
Three Rivers, Mass.



Jonathan Hubbard, Age 6
P. O. Box 202
Sunderland, Mass.



Anne Jache, Age 7
307 Timber St.
College Station, Texas



Dean V. Shahinian, Age 6
4347 Nichols Ave., S.W.
Washington, D. C.

Letters From Children

I always look forward to getting
HIGHLIGHTS. I like to look at
"Goofus and Gallant." (You can
learn what to do and what not to
do, besides just using it as some-
thing to read.) Sometimes with
"The Bears" I ask my mother to
read it with me, and my mother
takes some of the Bears' parts and
I take the others.

Susan Schwartz, Age 9
163 E. Washington Ave
Pearl River, N. Y.

I get HIGHLIGHTS every month.
I think it is a wonderful magazine.
The story I like best is "Let's Talk
Things Over." I like the jokes and
stories, and I do the games and
puzzles.

Cathy Knee
224 Park St.
Morgantown, W. Va.

I still want to be an author. This
year I have read about 40 books. I
want to read about 100 books this
year. Thank you for HIGHLIGHTS
books.

P.S. I don't think I can read
100 books but I'll try awfully hard.
I am almost sure I can read 90.

Warren Schmidgall, Age 8
R. 1
Armington, Ill.

What I like most of all in Hi-
LIGHTS is the story of some great
composer and some of his music.
I take piano lessons. Maybe that's
why I'm so interested in the sub-
ject. I might play one or two for
my recital. I like your magazine
very, very much.

Patty Willis
4316 Vrain St.
Denver, Colo.

The books that you publish are
the best books I have ever read.
I like all the stories and puzzles
that you have in the book. The
best story I have read in the book
was "The Valentine Mystery." I
like the book very much.

Tommy Frankel, Age 9
109 Brewster Rd.
Scarsdale, N. Y.



In the period of a month, about a thousand children send in something for this page.
But, alas, we have space for just a few of them.

It Seems Like Magic

Here is an interesting experiment with triangles—three-sided figures. Three are shown.

Choose one shape. Cut a figure like it from paper. Make it larger than the figure shown.

Mark the corners, A, B, and C,

as in Figure 1. The paper triangle is to be cut in three pieces as shown by the dotted lines. The three letters will be on the original corners.

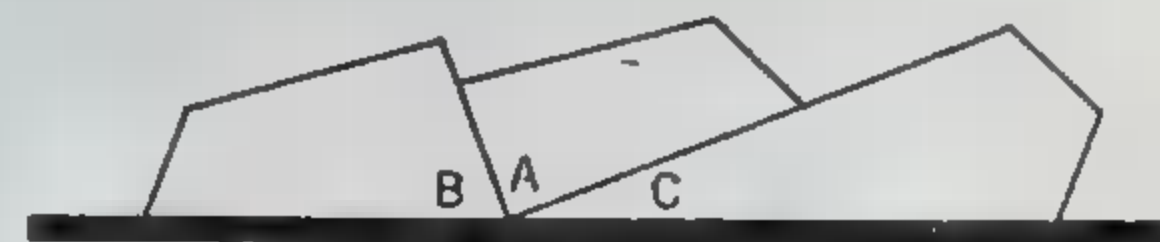
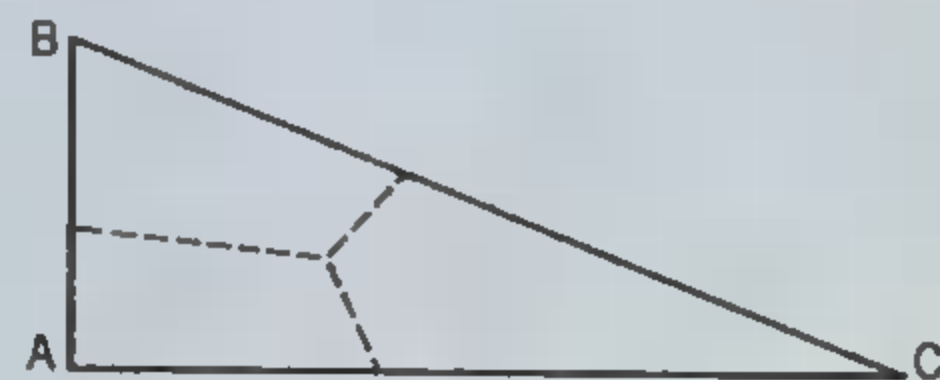
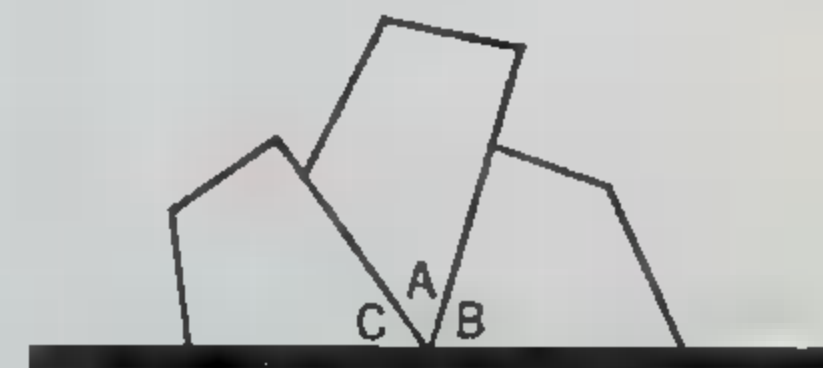
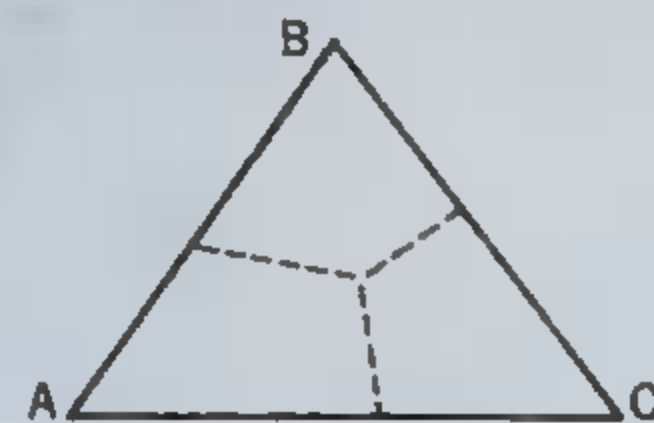
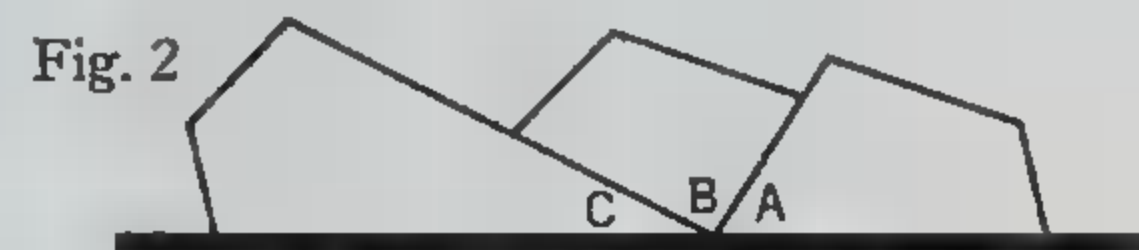
No matter what size or shape triangle we choose, we see that the three corners (angles) A, B, C,

By Ali R. Amir-Moez

Department of Mathematics
Queens College, Flushing, N.Y.

fit together on a straight line as in Figure 2. The corners A, B, and C can be put together in any order, and this is true.

Experiment with other triangle shapes. Two others are shown.



Your Blood

The blood circulates through the human body at the rate of about 5 quarts per minute. It moves through the body at about 6 inches a second. The 6 to 7 quarts of blood in the adult contains 30 trillion red cells.

Swimming after meals is dangerous. There is not enough blood for both digestive organs and muscles. Since digestive organs get the blood, the muscles are slowed and may cramp if used strenuously.

It Is True

That snakes don't hear. They are deaf.

That the smartest animal next to man is the chimpanzee.

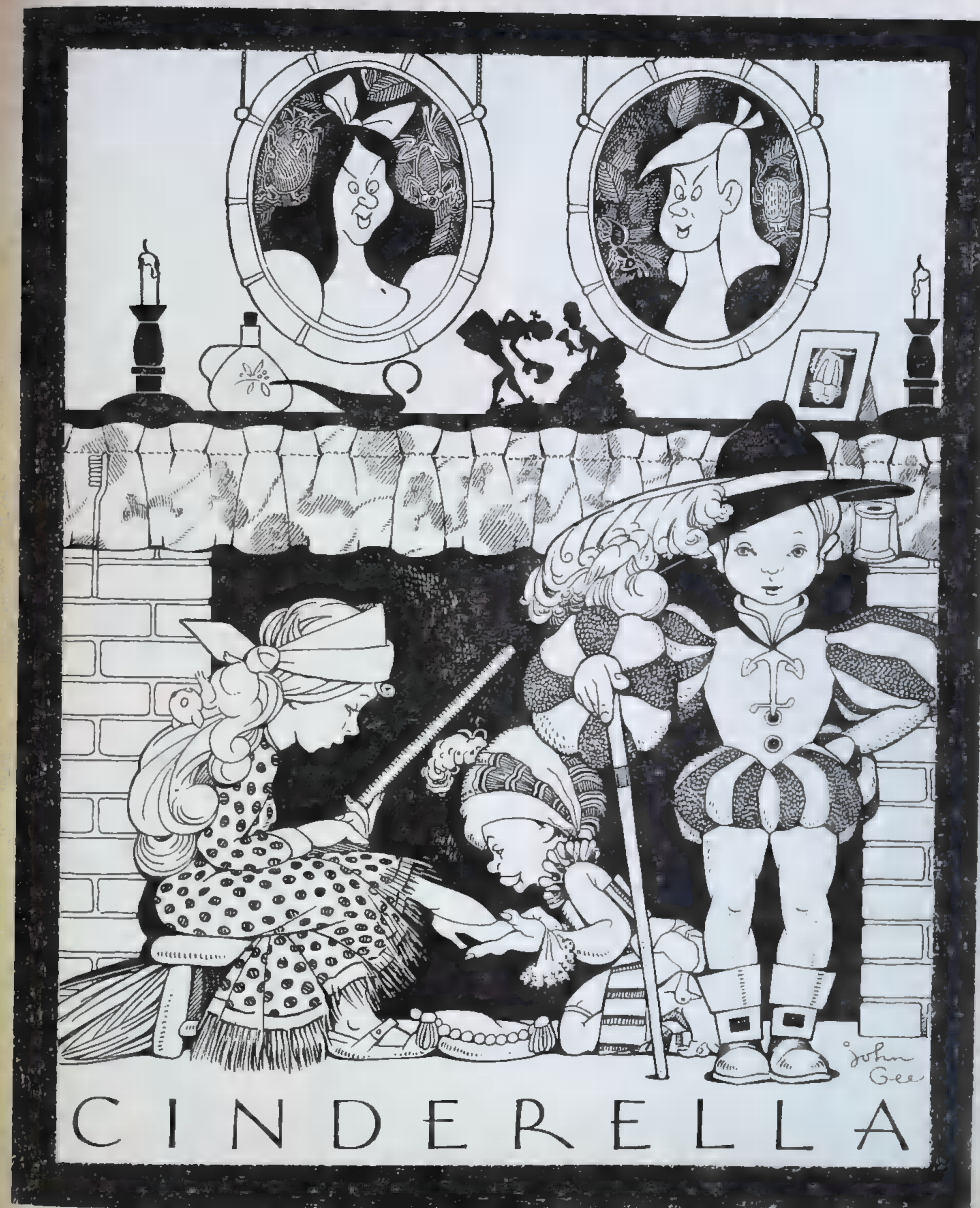
That the turtle may live longer than any other animal, even up to 152 years.

That a dog has 42 teeth.

That the buffalo is the largest land animal of North America, weighing about 2200 pounds.

Mothers Get Exercise

It has been estimated that, every week, the average American mother with three children makes beds 35 times, handles 250 articles of laundry, washes 750 dishes and 400 pieces of silverware; shops for, carries, and cooks 175 pounds of food. She walks about 35 miles just in her kitchen. And this is only a part of what she does. Has anybody counted the number of times a week she changes the baby before it is one year old?



Hidden Pictures

In this large picture find the squirrel, spool, toothbrush, walrus, frog, pig, anchor, ant, duck, bug, bird.

Try This!

You can do some important experiments about **weight**. All you need are bathroom scales, a board about 6 feet long which will support your weight, and a couple of friends about your size.

Experiment No. 1

Stand on the scales and see what you weigh.

If you stand on the scales on just one foot, do you weigh half as much as if you stand on two feet? Try it and see.

Experiment No. 2

Put one end of the 6-foot board on the scales, and the other end on a box or stack of magazines about the same height as the scales. Then adjust the pointer on the scales so it reads zero. (Most scales have a little adjusting knob or wheel to turn until the scales read zero when you are not standing on them.)

Now stand on the board right over the scales as in A. Have a friend look at the scales. What do the scales read?

Next, move about halfway down the board to B. Now what do the scales read? Where did your weight go?

Move to position C. Now what do the scales read?

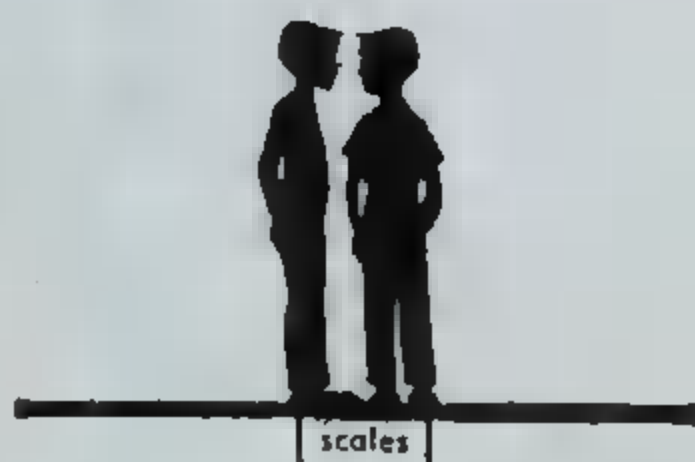
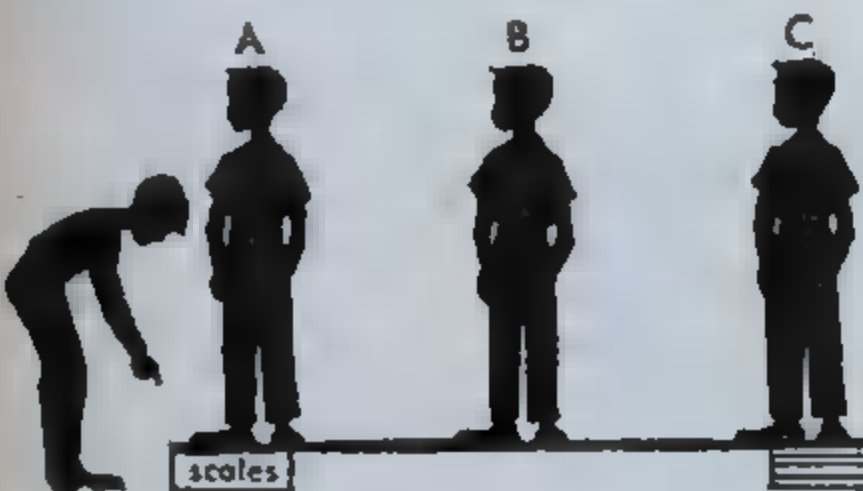
Experiment No. 3

Put the board across the scales like a teeter-totter, and again adjust the pointer to zero. You stand on one end and have a friend stand on the other end, so that you balance. What do the scales read?

Now move together so you are both right over the scales. Does it read any differently? Why? Do the scales read less as you both move away toward the ends of the board?



40



Tall Tales

One day a boy climbed a stalk of corn to see how the clouds and sky looked. The stalk grew so fast that the boy couldn't get down. He kept going up and up, clear out of sight. His father and big brother tried to cut down the stalk with axes, but that stalk grew so fast they couldn't hit twice in the same place. The boy lived on raw corn and threw down over five bushels of cobs. He might have frozen to death up there if he hadn't been rescued by an airplane.

"Horses," said the Yankee to the Canadian, "you can't tell anything about. I once had an old nag that licked the fastest train on a thirty-mile run."

"That's nothing," said the Canadian. "I was out about forty miles from my home one day when a terrible storm came up. I pulled on the reins of my pony and turned his head for home. He raced the storm so close for the last twenty miles that I didn't feel a drop, while my dog, only fifteen yards behind, had to swim the whole way."

A kind-hearted preacher asked a prisoner how he had come to be in jail. "It's this way," the fellow said with tears running down his cheeks. "I was coming home from prayer meeting one dark night, and sat down to rest, and fell asleep. While I was asleep, somebody built a jail around me, and when I woke up, the jailer wouldn't let me out."

Answer, Crossword Puzzle Page 15

Across: nymph, no, nest, note, nut, nineteen, night-gown, north, nightingale, new, nine, nightcap, noun, neck.

Down: nipple, nose, net, notebook, nun, ninth, night-hawk, nurse, noon, nail, napkin, night, nap, nut-cracker, nineteenth.

Scribbles and Scrawls

By Phyllis R. Tedesco

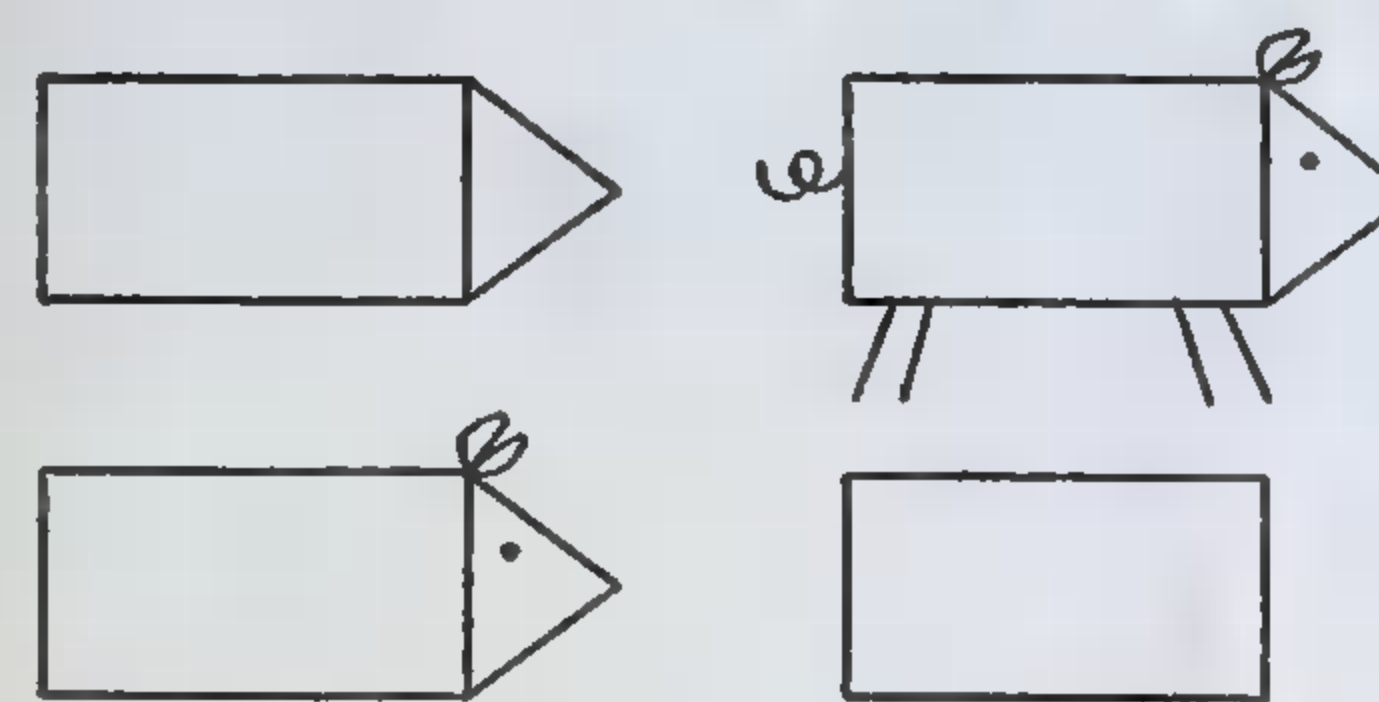
You can have fun scribbling some shapes and then making them tell a picture story. For example, if you scribbled shapes like these



you might turn them into pictures like the ones below which tell this story: Mr. Brown was walking down the street one day, followed by his faithful dog Herman. He met Miss Green and tipped his hat.



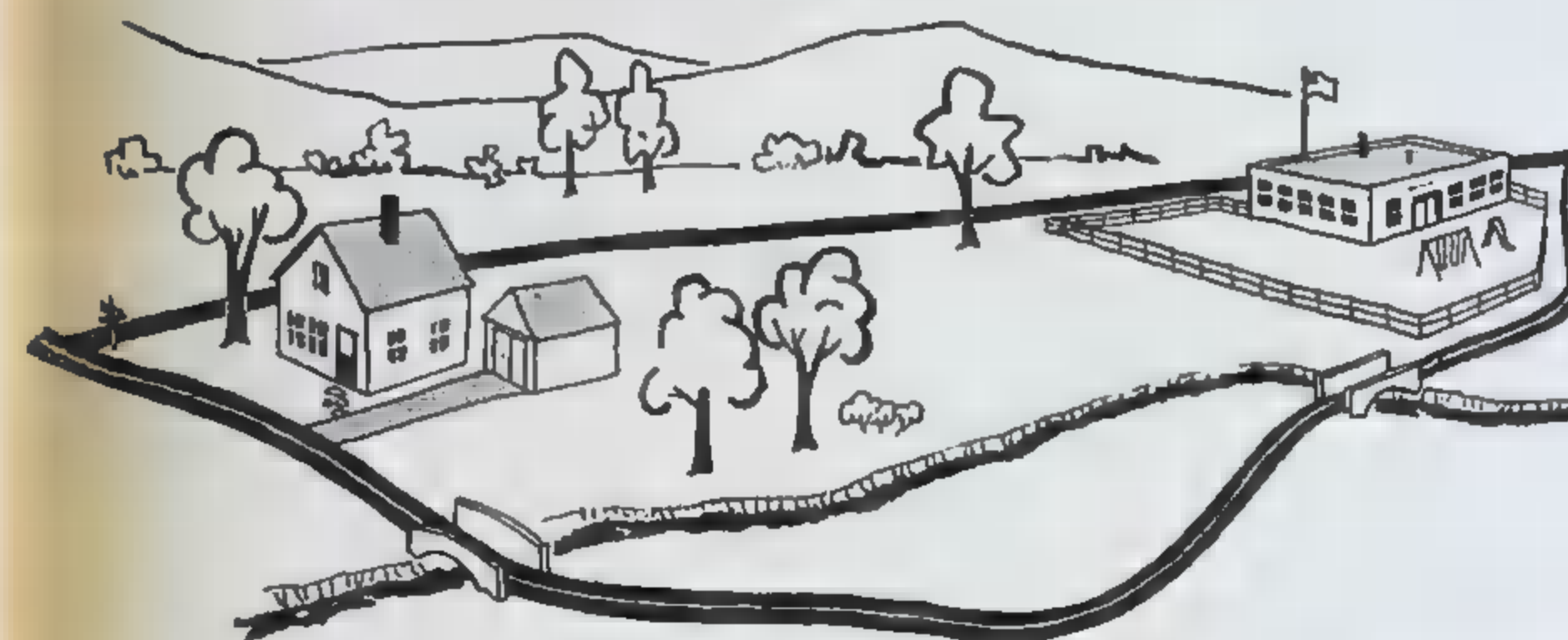
Now scribble your own shapes and make your own story.



Which was made first? Next? Next? Last?
Draw the pig.

The Shortest Way

If you lived in this house and went to this school, which road would you take?



Alike or Different?



Here are four pairs of pictures. Which pairs are alike?
Which are different?

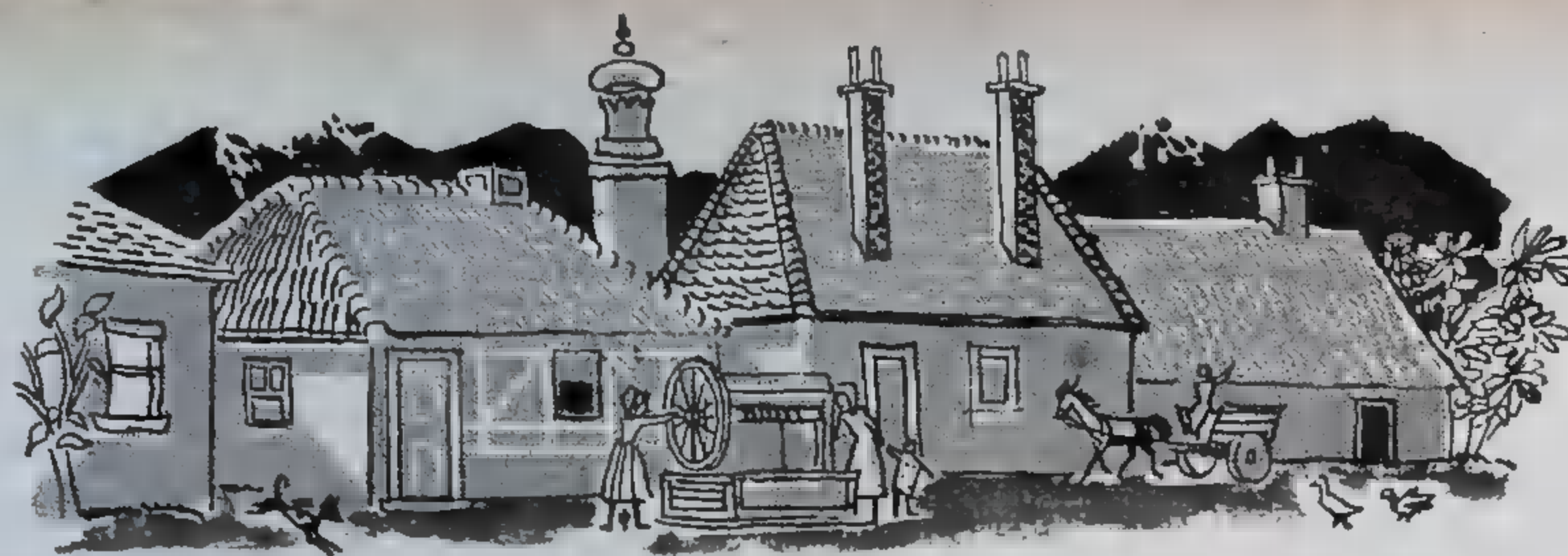
Health Quiz

Is the meal enjoyable for everybody if the rest of the family must always wait for you to come to the table? Why?

Tell how your own good manners at a meal can help all the rest of the family to enjoy this meal.

Do you think children who stay up late at night, and don't get enough sleep, whine and quarrel more than those who get enough sleep?

Do you ever have frightful dreams? Do you believe something you did or saw or heard by day could cause those dreams?



Theme From *The Moldau*

Bedrich Smetana

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

42

Gently flowing

p



Bedrich
Smetana

1824-1884

By Irene Bennett Needham

"Who is that little fellow with the violin?" whispered a woman in the audience to another as the musicians walked onto the platform.

"Why, it's Frantisek Smetana's little boy Bedrich. His father supervises the brewery out at Count Waldstein's estate."

"How old is he? He must be a genius!"

"He's just five. And they say he plays the piano, too."

"My goodness! Well, we shall see if he can play."

The whole audience was buzzing, since little boys of five do not often play violin parts with three grown men before a large audience. Everyone read the program. And when the first sweet notes of Haydn's music sounded, they listened to hear if the second violinist played any sour notes. He didn't.

Bedrich's proud parents and his six older sisters nearly burst with pride. His father, who was very musical, had tears of joy in his

★ Imagine a boy of five today becoming a musician whose music would be enjoyed the world over for a hundred years or more.

eyes. "He is like another Mozart," he whispered to his wife.

The next year, little Bedrich (Frederick in English) astonished them again. He played a piano solo by Auber, which was very popular at the time, "La Muette de Portici." Grownups and orchestras played it, so he must have been good.

Bedrich was born in 1824 in Bohemia, now called Czechoslovakia, near the little town of Litomysl (also spelled Leitomischl). His parents lived on the estate of a count. The child played in the lovely fields and woods. He was adored by his family and admired by the workers. There wasn't any school so he studied with anyone about the estate who could teach him anything. His father taught him music.

When he was sixteen, Bedrich was sent to school in Pilsen. He was such a good pianist that society leaders vied with each other

to get him to play at their parties.

When he was a little boy, his parents and the Kolar family visited together. Katarina, the beautiful daughter, played duets with seven-year-old Bedrich. She was a gifted pianist, too, and her black hair and sparkling eyes were beautiful to see. When the boy grew up and went to Pilsen to study, he unpacked his suitcase and then, first thing, hurried off to visit the Kolars. They had moved to the city years before.

They welcomed him as if he were their own son. It was lucky for him that they did, since he had very little money and the hearty meals he ate with the Kolar family kept him from being hungry.

Bedrich enjoyed the food at Kolars, but playing duets with the beautiful Katarina, who had also kept up her music study, was more wonderful. Naturally they fell in love and, since the families approved, they became engaged.

43



They were able to marry six years later when Bedrich had opened a private music school in Prague with the help of Franz Liszt, the most famous pianist in Europe.

Smetana was a cheerful kind of person and his ten years with Katarina before her death were happy. There was trouble outside of the home, for Bohemia was not a free country. It was under the rule of Austria, and the natives of the country bitterly resented their foreign bosses.

In 1848 there was a revolution, and young Smetana wrote a march and a "Solemn Overture" for the student revolutionists. For this he was constantly watched to see if he were a revolutionist, too. The continual spying was too much for him to endure so he signed a five-year contract to direct an orchestra in Gothenburg, Sweden.

Here Smetana had freedom to write music as he liked, but the long cold Swedish winters were too much for Katarina, who was sick most of the time. Finally Smetana

took her back, but she died at Dresden before reaching her homeland.

When the five years were over, Smetana came back to his country. The Italians had beaten the Austrians in a war, so the Austrians eased up their iron-fisted rule of the Czechs. They allowed Smetana to raise money for the building of



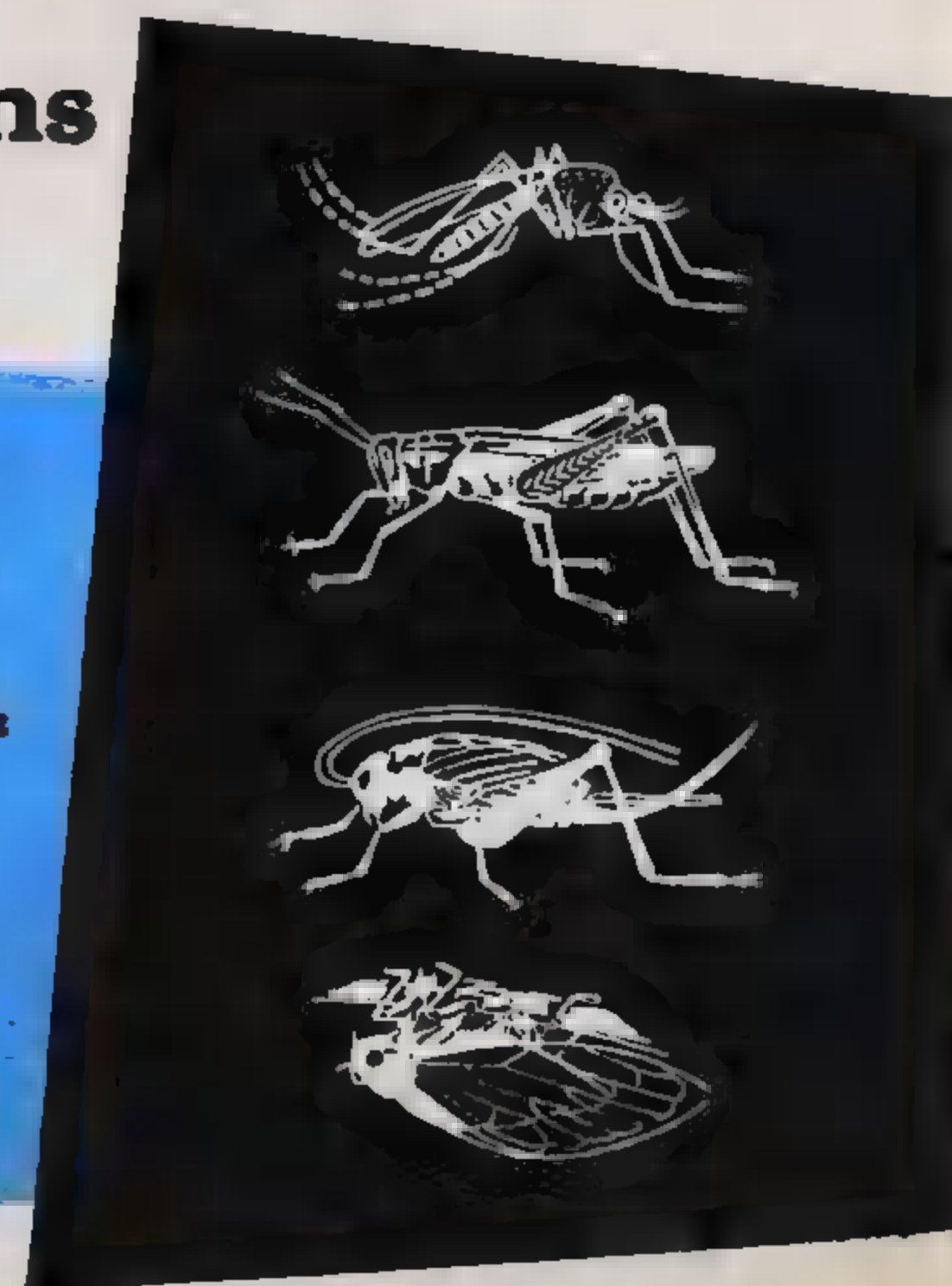
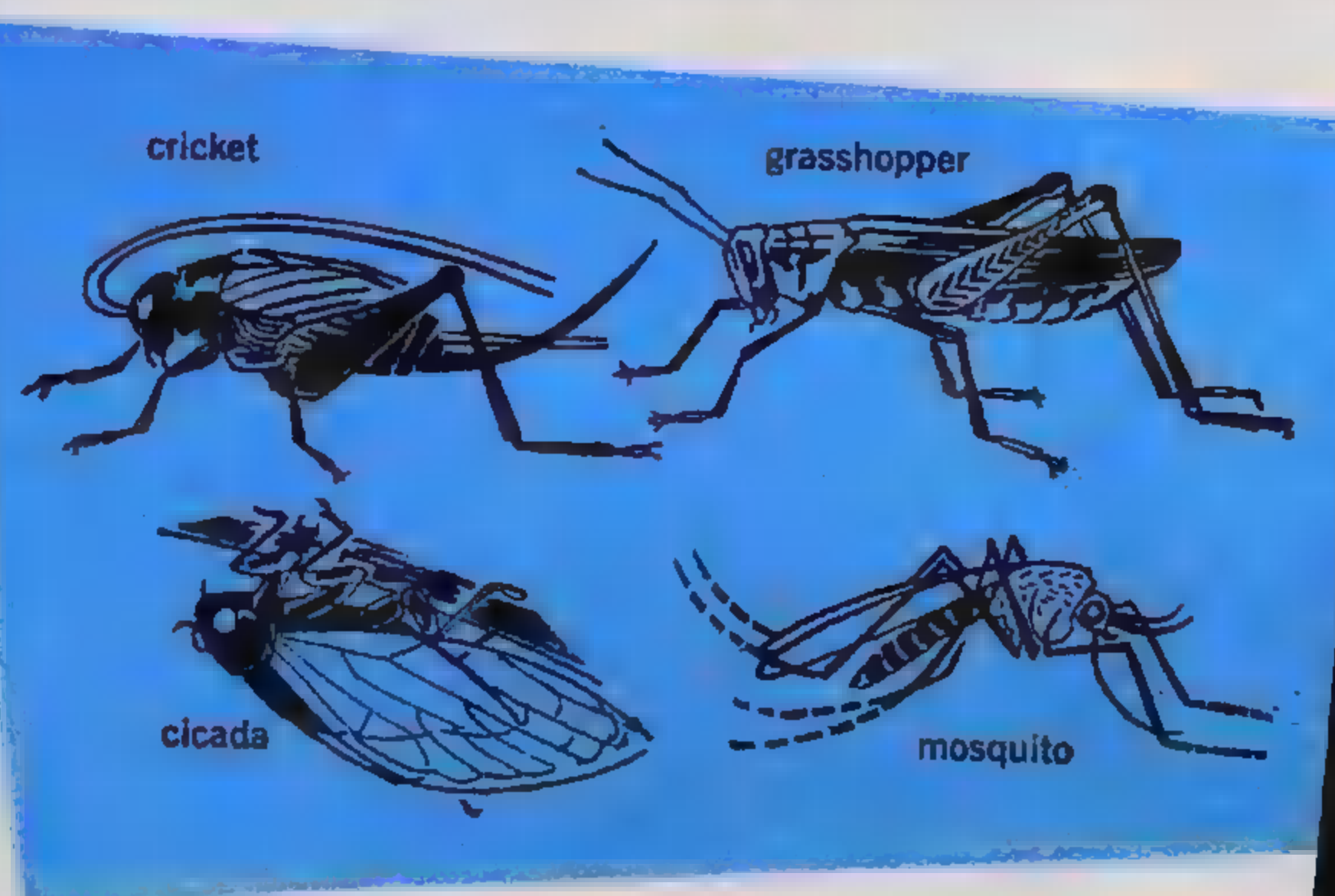
an opera house in Prague where the Czech language was used. He led the people in organizing their own philharmonic orchestra. Then he settled down to composing music which he felt expressed the feelings of the Czech people.

One of Smetana's most popular works is an opera "The Bartered Bride," which pokes fun in a kindly way at the country wedding customs. To the Czech people this opera means much more than a funny story. To them it is a symbol of the fact that, although they had been oppressed for generations, they hadn't lost their natural gaiety and humor.

Smetana composed brilliant piano music, operas, stringed quartets, and tone poems which describe the country he loved so much as a little boy, and loved even more as an exile. His music gave the Czechs the feeling that they were still a nation. And, although Smetana died in 1884, his countrymen, united by his music, got their independence in 1918.

Matching Insect Musicians

Look at each insect at the left. Find another like it at the right.

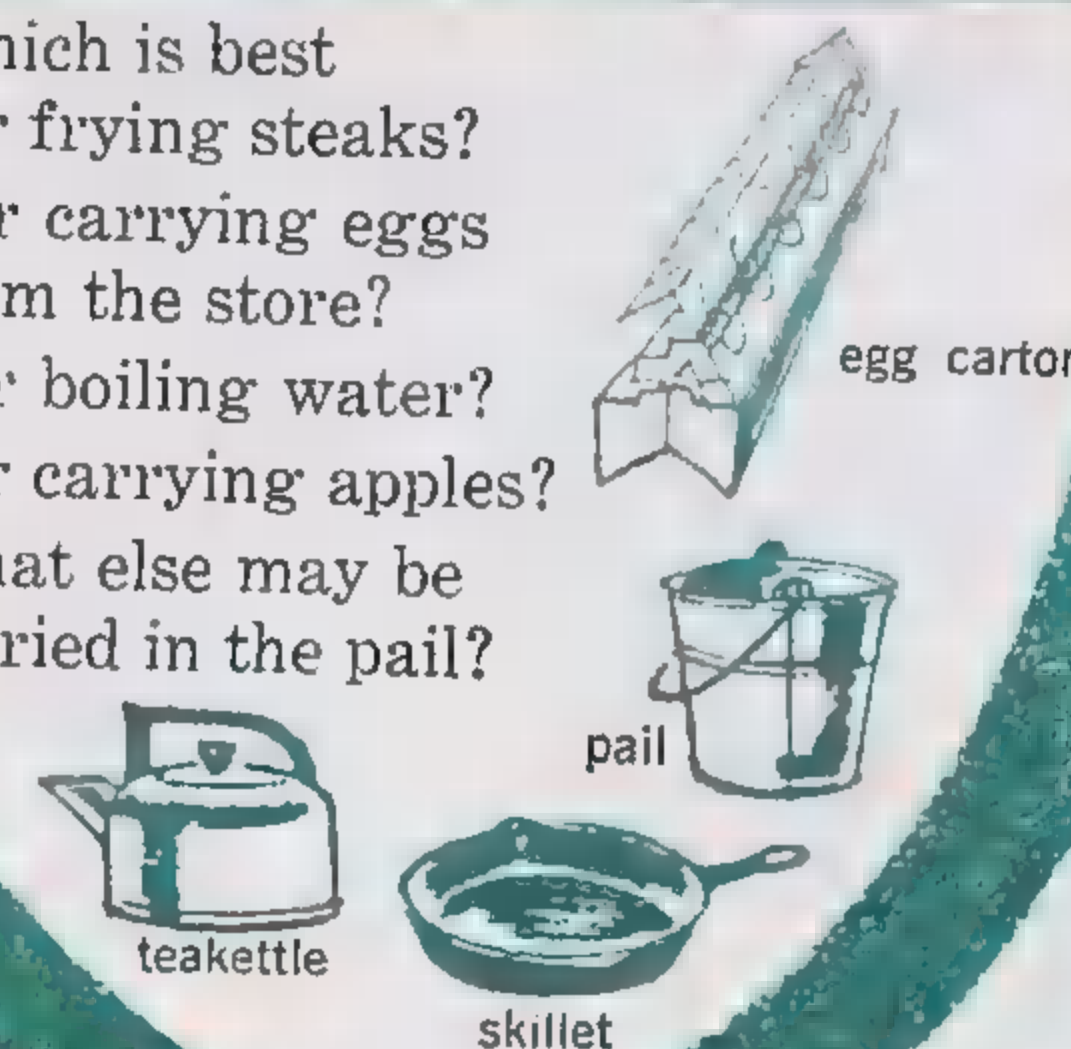


For Wee Folks

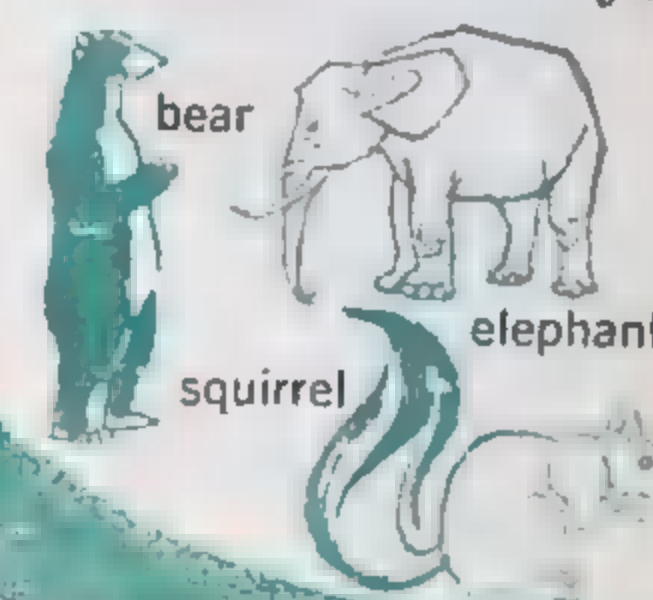
Look at the pieces of cake and pie at the left. Find at the right what each piece was cut from.



Which is best for frying steaks?
For carrying eggs from the store?
For boiling water?
For carrying apples?
What else may be carried in the pail?



Which like peanuts?
Which likes honey?



Suppose it's a hot day.
Which children are in the cooler places?
In the warmer places?



When Moses Needed Friends

A Bible Story

By Dora P. Chaplin

You will remember how Moses angered the Egyptian king and had to flee for his life, leaving his Hebrew people who had been captured by the Egyptians.

Now he wandered on into the desert, traveling as far as he could from Egypt. He walked in the hot, dry wilderness where there were

bringing the thirsty animals to drink. From the opposite direction Moses could see shepherds driving their flocks toward the well. The girls filled the troughs with water, but no sooner had they done so than the shepherds came up. They were bullies. They tried to drive away the girls' sheep and put their own to drink, instead.

Moses was angry again, but this time he kept his temper. He held up his staff and drove the shepherds away, making them wait until the girls had finished watering their flocks. He watched the girls leave, driving the sheep before them. He said to himself, "How fortunate they are. They have a home and I have none."

When the seven girls arrived home, their father, who was Jethro, the priest, said to them, "How is it that you are back so early today?"

They answered, "There was a stranger by the well and he helped us."

"And you didn't ask him for supper?" said Jethro. "Run quickly before the darkness comes. Bring the stranger to our home."

You can imagine how happy Moses was. Tonight he would not stay out under the stars alone. The girls brought him to their father and he was welcomed. He ate supper with them, and the two men talked for hours together. Moses found that he was in a land

Thank You, God

By Sister Joseph Roberta

Thank you, God, for the sun
That shines all day,
And for all the fun
I have at play.

Thank you for my mom and dad,
And for baby who makes us glad.
Thank you for my teacher, too,
Who tells us things both wise
and true.

called Midian, and that these people had heard of the Hebrew slaves, far away in Egypt.

Moses and Jethro became great friends, and Jethro asked him to stay. Moses took care of the flocks, sometimes traveling with them for days, looking for pasture. How often he must have wondered about his family and his friends in the land of Egypt! But he had found new friends.

As time went on, he fell in love with Zipporah, one of Jethro's daughters, and married her. A little son was born to them. They gave the baby a strange name. It was Gershom, which means "a stranger here." "I must never forget," said Moses, "that I came here a lonely stranger."

All was quiet and peaceful in their lives until the day something very exciting happened. That is the next adventure you will hear about.

Illustrated by William A. Walsh



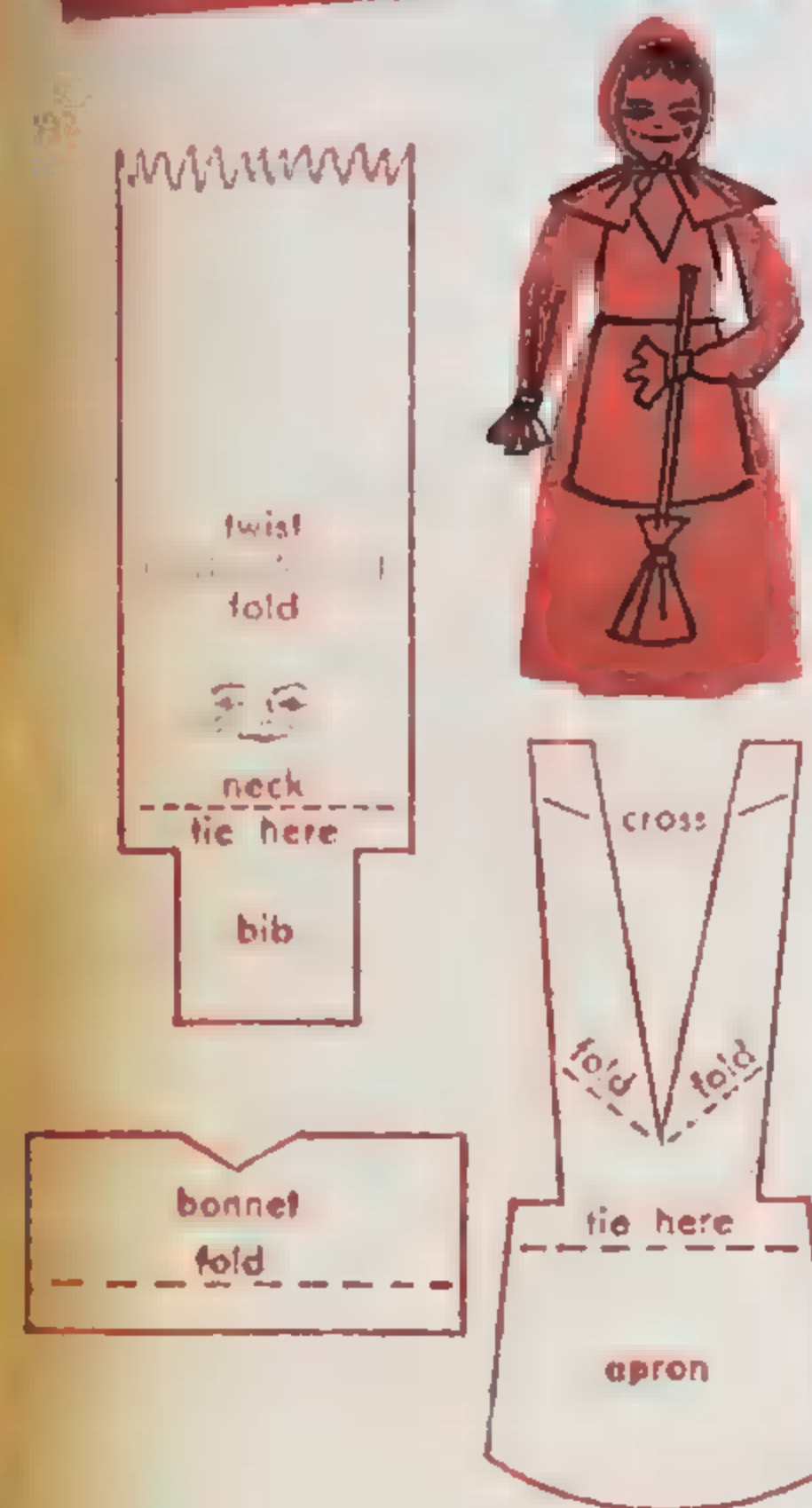
no trees. He ate a few leaves from the clumps of bushes. And when he reached a valley, he found a spring of water. He lay down under the stars at night and rose with the sun, walking day after day and meeting no one.

One day he came in sight of some low hills. Beyond them lay a new country, but he did not know where he was. It was a quiet land. Far away he could hear the bleating of sheep and goats. Late in the afternoon he came at last to a well. Palm trees grew there, and he sat down to rest in the shade.

As Moses sat by the well he saw flocks of sheep coming toward him, driven by seven girls. They were

Miss Nancy Cornhusk

By Edith Limer Ledbetter



Make the body part from twenty dried cornhusks. With strong string, tie them tightly together about 2 inches from one end. Cut the husks off evenly 1 inch above the string, and 5 inches below. The string is the neckline.

Cut several very narrow, thin strips of husks to use for tying. Separate two of the husks on each side of the body for arms. Cut them 2½ inches long. Fold the arms into shape. Wrap a strip around several times, ½ inch from each arm end, and tie firmly. Clip the ends just short enough so they will stay tied.

On another husk, draw and cut out the face and bib pattern shown. Make the features with pen, and rosy cheeks with crayon, lightly applied. Put the face in position, and tie tightly at the neck. Twist as shown, fold over, bring down the back, and tie again.

Cut two broad lengths of husks,

4 inches long, for the skirt. Place one in back, the other in front. Tie around the waist.

From another husk, cut the apron shown. Fold straps forward on dotted lines, swing them up over shoulders, and cross at waist in back. Tie with a strip around the waist, knotting in back.

Cut the husk bonnet shown. Fold back the front. Place the bonnet on the head. Tuck in wisps of corn silk around the face for hair. Tie the bonnet around the neckline with knot in front.

For the broomstick, use a twig 3 inches long and twice as large around as a matchstick. Strip the bark from the twig. Tie bits of husk 1½ inches long to the end of the stick. Slip a bit of wire in the left arm, bend it at the elbow, and tie the broom to it.

Straw Man

By Barbara and Sue Baker

Use a clump of hay or straw of about the same height, fastened together with gummed tape a little above center. Divide the top into thirds, bending down the two side sections.

Divide the bottom section in half for legs. Wrap tape around each leg near the bottom. The side sections are the arms. Tape them at the wrists.

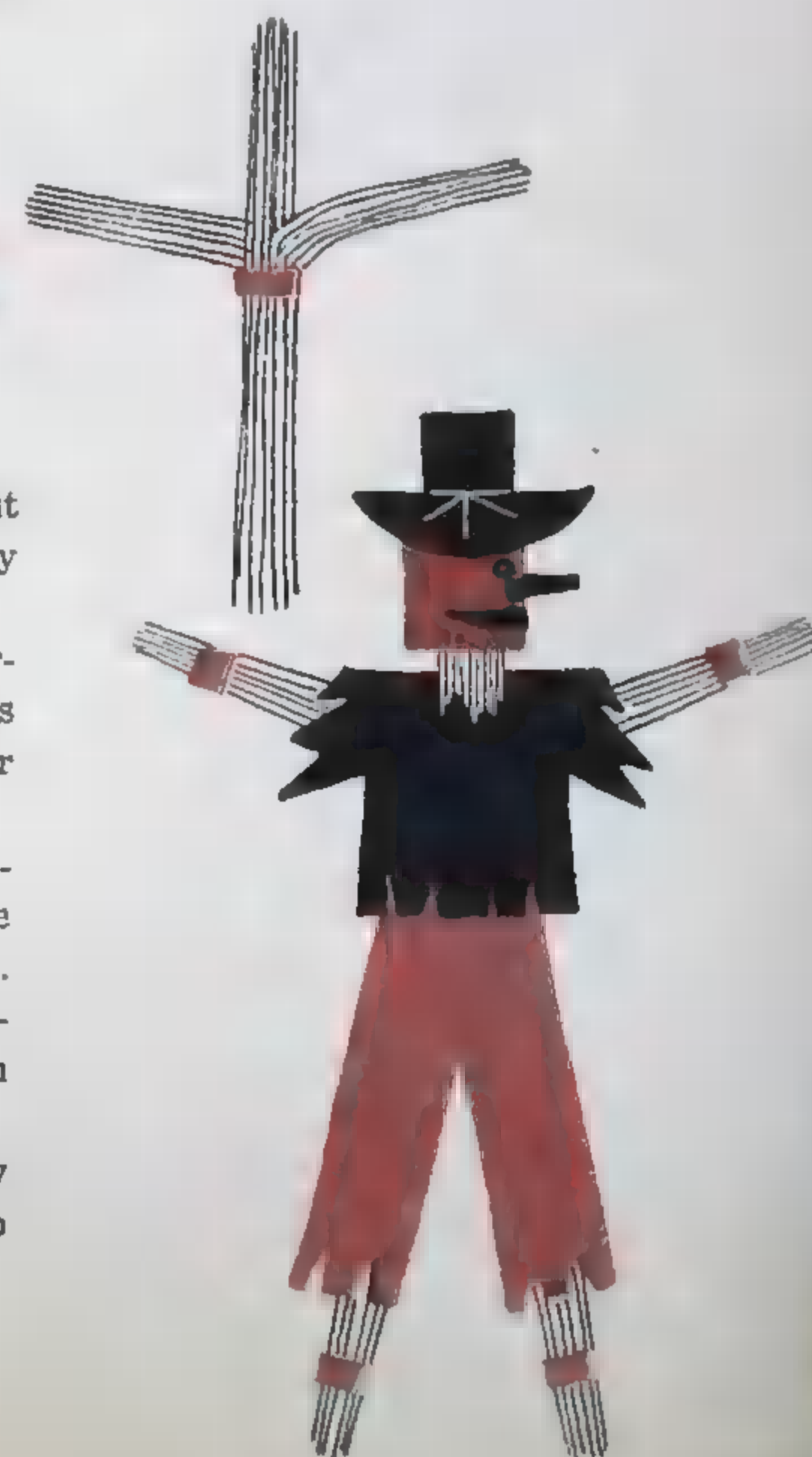
Make the shirt from cloth or paper, folding in half, and cutting a hole for the head. For the pants, cut two long scraps of cloth or paper, slice up the middle, and

staple or paste on each side. Cut ragged bottoms and let the hay stick out.

The face is a strip of paper circled and pasted together. Cut holes for eyes. Cut and paste on a paper nose and mouth.

The hatbrim is a round, flat circle of paper. Cut slits from the center so it will go over the hay. The crown is a strip of paper, circled and pasted together, with ragged edges at the top.

Run a wire up through the straw man. Stick the bottom in a lump of clay to make it stand.



Let's Make These

An Interesting Paperweight

By Janet Evangelista



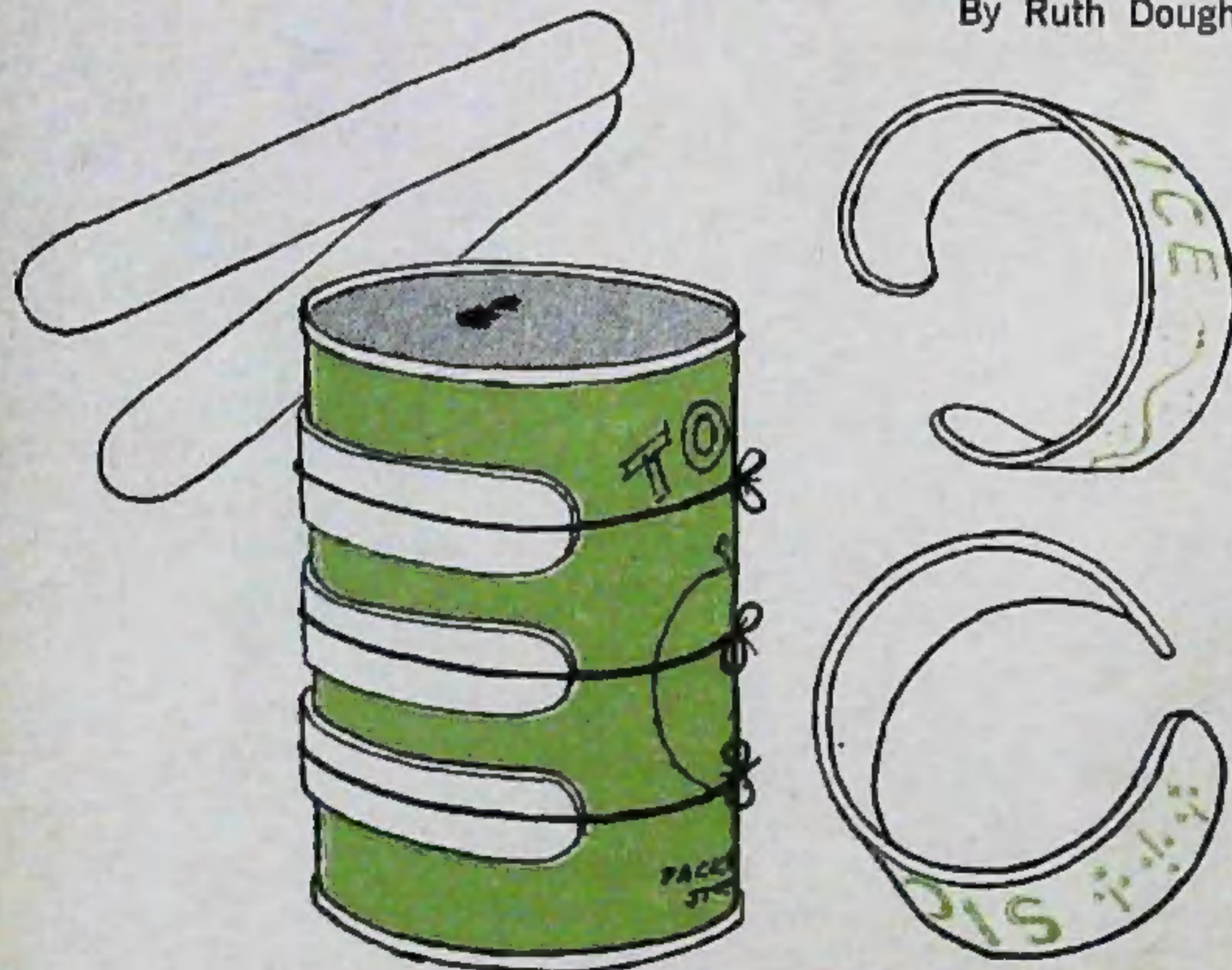
Select a glass jar with a lid that snaps on, such as the kind baby food comes in. Remove the label, and wash and dry the jar and lid. Paint the outside of the lid. Fill the lid with colored plastic clay, leaving space around the outer edge for the rim of the glass to set in.

Place a tiny figure—a bird, animal, or doll—firmly in the clay. Add other bits of scenery, using such things as bitter-sweet, berries, small milkweed pods, dried weeds like goldenrod, stones, shells, artificial flowers, beads, pipe cleaner, and other odds and ends to complete the scenery. Put the glass carefully over the finished scene and snap it into the lid base.

Use for paperweights, favors, or objects for the whatnot.

Wooden Bracelets

By Ruth Dougherty



These bracelets are made from wooden tongue depressors, which may be purchased from the druggist for a few cents. Making the bracelets consists of three steps—boiling, bending, and decorating.

Boil the sticks in water for ten minutes or so, until they are soft enough to bend easily.

With sturdy cord, tie each stick around a small tin can of the desired wrist size. An unopened can is easier to work with. Leave the sticks around the cans for several hours or overnight.

When dry and shaped, paint a design, emblem, or name on each bracelet. Use poster paint, nail polish, or crayons for the coloring.

The bracelets make nice party favors by putting a guest's name on each one.

Draw the outline of a house on heavy paper, and cut out. Cut out the windows. Paste clear cellophane behind each one. Add cloth curtains and yarn ties. Cut the door at one side and across the top, so it will open. Put a piece of pipe cleaner through the door for a handle.

The roof and chimney are cut separately and assembled on paper. The windows and door also may be pieces of paper pasted to the whole house.

Cut out one side of a milk carton with a pointed top. In the bottom of the carton, opposite from the open side, cut a slot about a half inch long. Place a long-shaped balloon in the carton. Insert the mouth piece through the slot. Blow up the balloon. Hold the mouthpiece so the air will not escape. Place the boat in the water and let it go.

Place some leaves underneath a piece of white medium-weight paper, and go over the paper with colored crayon. Look at the shapes and see what they suggest—perhaps a witch, bird, rabbit, or turtle. Draw the rest of the picture with a different color.

Or draw a picture and use the leaves in this way to make a background of sky or water.

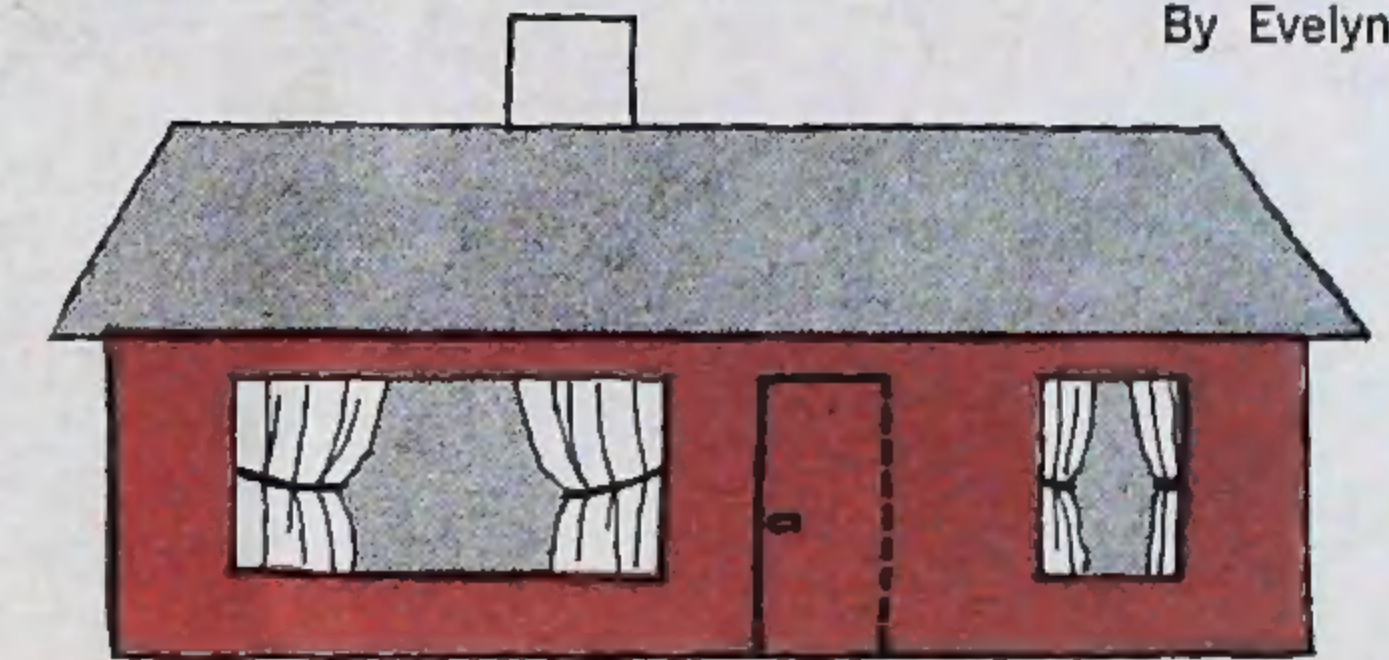
Soak several pop-bottle caps in a pan of water for at least a day. Pry out the cork linings and put the best pieces aside to dry.

When the pieces are completely dry, try making designs with them on small squares of white or colored paper. Use scissors to cut some of the pieces into different shapes. When the picture looks right, glue the cork to the paper. Add a line or two with pen or crayon.

These pictures may be used as party invitations or place cards. Or several of them may be glued onto a ribbon and hung on the wall.

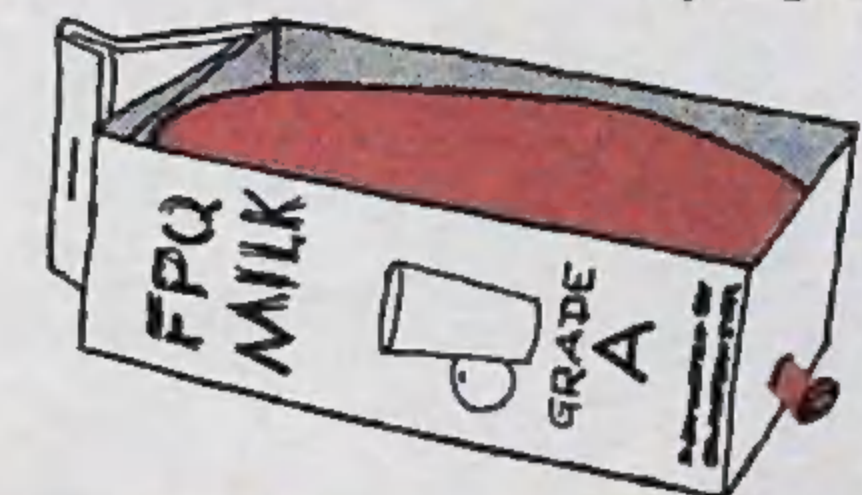
A House

By Evelyn Walker



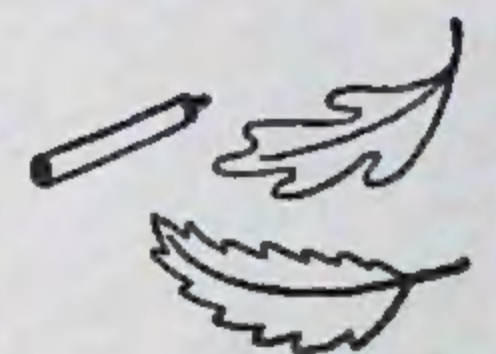
Jet-propelled Boat

By Zigmunt J. Trzcinski



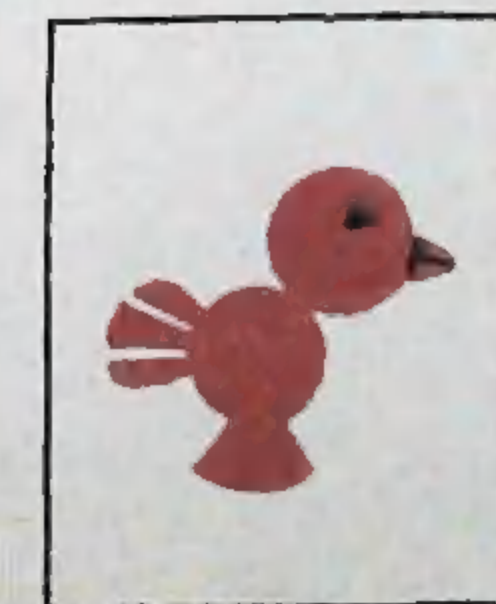
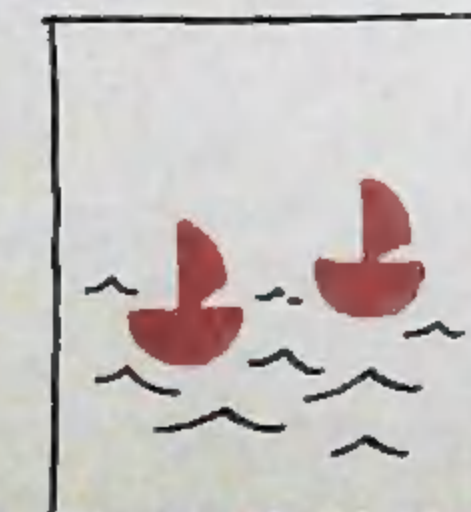
Leaf Pictures

By Lillian Herold



Art From Bottle-cap Linings

By Sylvia Sanders





Headwork

Is Mary a boy's name or a girl's name?

Which is heavier, a baby or its father?

Do you have any hair on your chin? On your feet?

Which is older, a pig or its mother?

Does a chicken have a tail?

Does steam come down from a teakettle or go up from it?

Does a baby drink from a bottle?

Would you rather wade with your shoes on in deep mud or in deep snow?

Which is the easiest to cut with a knife, an apple, a stone, or a piece of wood?

Which did you learn to do first, sit alone or stand alone?

Which is better to ride, a cow or a pony?

Does a potato have more eyes than you have?

Will eggs keep fresh longer in a warm place or in a cool place?

Which has the broader nail on it, your big toe or your thumb?

Which is usually larger, a cup or a bowl?

When you ride a bicycle, what keeps it from falling over?

Tell how sweat and blood are different.

Why may the kitchen get warmer while Mother is preparing dinner?

As the family were traveling in a car, Mother said, "They had heavy rain and a windstorm here lately." After they had traveled sixty miles more, Father said, "No rain here for a long while." What was the reason for each remark?

"You must have had eggs for breakfast," said Allen to George one morning at school. What could have caused this remark?

"The horse that came down this muddy road lately must have one foot without a shoe," said Jerry. How did he know this?

"I see you are going fishing," said Don to Jim. How could Don know Jim was going fishing?

Give two reasons why there are parking meters on some streets.

How are a river and a canal alike? How are they different?

Why are there laws allowing people to hunt or fish for game only for a certain short period each year? Why must the hunter have a license?

How are a rubber tube, a water pipe, and a solid rod different? How are they alike?

If there are many squirrels in a certain forest, what do we know about this forest?

When a new highway is built and there are steep banks on either side of it, why are shrubs or grass planted on these banks? When the grass seed is planted, why is it covered with straw?

Ask Mother.

Parents! Important Notice

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李志明

from the Republic of China

Above is the name of the 13-year-old artist, Chih-Ming Lee.

Drawing selected from an exhibition sponsored by Taiwan Arts Hall.

Courtesy of the Embassy, Republic of China.



Good-bye!

until next month



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